The Reporter

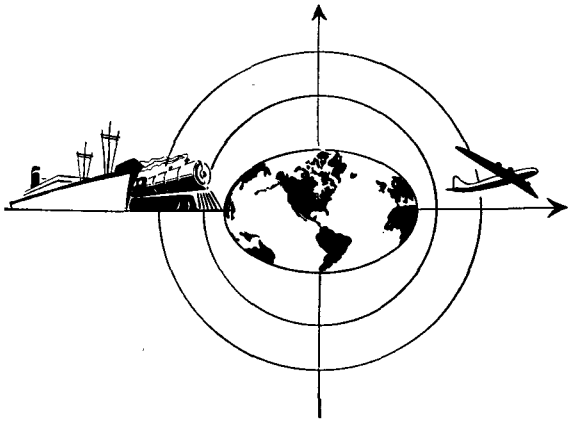
January 22, 1952 25c

Our Negro Soldiers

PRODUCED 2008 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

G.I.'s in Korea: A machine-gun crew and an outpost in rugged mountain terrain **(see page 6)**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE REPORTER'S NOTES

KOREA AGAIN

Since June 25, 1950, our conflict with Communism has been registered with absolute precision on the Korean battlefield. Our forces have retreated, advanced, retreated, and advanced again. Now the line is stabilized—and we scarcely dare say it, but the world is breathing somewhat more easily. This is because of Korea, not the diplomatic conferences. Korea is an unfailing magnetic needle. All the other needles go haywire. People talk about psychological warfare and political battles. Often these things don't make much sense. Korea always does.

Yet the American public has never paid enough attention to Korea. Many high-domed intellectuals still maintain that democracies can fight only total wars ending only in unconditional surrender. Perhaps they have not noticed that for a year and a half our soldiers have been fighting a limited war and have achieved their limited aim.

Since June, 1950, all wise, well-informed men have been expecting new Koreas—a whole string of them. But nobody says that, so far, there has been only one Korea. Our soldiers have seen to that; surely they are the main reason why the enemy has made no new try at military aggression.

Recently, public excitement about Korea has centered on the news of prisoners the enemy has killed and those who may some day be released. But there has never been a great fuss made about those who have fought and who still are ready to fight in Korea. Few entertainers have volunteered to go to the dismal peninsula. Blood donations have lagged pitiably.

Some day it may turn out that by stemming aggression where the enemy decided to try it, our soldiers have done something more than fight a remote peripheral war. Perhaps, they have done the real job of war prevention. We may discover all this some day, but it may come too late, for the time to show our embittered men in Korea (we hate the patronizing word "boys") the gratitude we owe them is now.

LOOSE TALK

C. L. Sulzberger of the New York *Times* informs us that Hungary's treatment of the four American fliers —this was before they were released —has "given new stimulus to certain projects being reviewed," which "would call for trying citizens of Iron Curtain nations under the legal codes and traditions of those lands rather than under Western justice."

Getting down to brass tacks, he tells us that "While the details involved have not yet been drafted by the diplomatists working on the plan's outlines," —diplomatists *would* work on a plan's outlines rather than on a plan itself, wouldn't they?—"certain logical conclusions can be deduced." "Those studying the possibilities of applying such a system," Sulzberger goes on, "say it would involve delicate juridical and political points." *Fundamental* would perhaps be a more accurate word than *delicate*. "Diplomatists who have been active in the project recognize that the existing constitutional systems in the Western democracies do not permit this kind of legal exception to be made. However, they [assume] that Western statesmen at least may wish to consider the advisability of submitting the plan for further political study by their governments."

What does all this come to? Assorted diplomatists, who would rather not give their names, seem to be suggesting that the democracies would do well to surrender their old ideal of equal justice under law. This is a bad idea. The best thing about it is that even the shadowy diplomatists are sure nothing will come of it.

SELF-CRITICISM

As might have been expected, Columbia Pictures' filming of *Death of a Salesman* provoked howls and threats among the selling fraternity. Jack S. Schiff of the Sales Executives Club of New York wrote the producer:

"Presenting Willy Loman [the story's central figure] as a salesman and blaming salesmanship for his demise . . . is a definite libel of a segment of the population that is engaged in an endeavor vital to our distributive system and indispensable to our free economy. . . .

"With this letter I am starting a campaign among the sales executives of the U.S. to force you to a realization that this slur will not be condoned."

By far the best comment on the controversy was made in *Tide*, "The Newsmagazine of Sales and Advertising," by its editor, Reginald Clough. Says Clough in part: "Willy Loman is a type of American that exists on every hand. . . . He has no sense of values.

"His kind of mind is the same kind that encourages football to run the faculty, 'Red Channels' to rule the radio and commercialism to rule Christmas. His is the kind of mental mediocrity that brought us a recurring acceptance of Fatty Arbuckle, Joe Penner, Jerry Lester, and Milton Berle. His demand brought us the double feature and the B picture. It also brought us the Hays office to decide for us what kind of pictures we should see."

And the Sales Executives Club to tell us what pictures we shouldn't.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

AIRBORNE OPERATIONS

To the Editor: In my opinion, John B. Spore's article, "An Army with Wings," in your January 8 issue failed to draw a sharp enough distinction between actually landing an airborne unit behind enemy lines and transporting one from friendly airfield to friendly airfield. The latter feat, a cinch if equipment weights are kept down and sufficient planes are on hand, has rose-colored much postwar "thinking" about airborne operations in general.

I have no quarrel with air *transportability*, but I cannot agree that the problems surrounding jumps far behind enemy lines are being solved at any great rate, nor can I see that the deterrent factors have changed appreciably since the Second World War. Let's look at the European Theater record:

Oddly enough, the first jumps were the most successful. They were made by the Germans in their Lowland blitz of May, 1940. Outstanding was the landing of a small force (less than a regiment) on the top of the "impregnable" Belgian fortress of Eben Emael; the paratroopers, lowering pole charges to the casemates, attacking the gun turrets with flame throwers, and then letting themselves down the sides of the fort on ropes, secured the objective within twenty-four hours. By that time the German ground forces, having attacked across the border from the Aachen region about twenty miles east, were at hand. However, one must remember of this operation that the Germans had all the advantages of surprise (a state of war had not been declared); that the force was small, elite, and well rehearsed; that no air-supply problem was involved; that the Luftwaffe held absolute supremacy over the drop zone; and that friendly ground troops were not far away.

Later the Germans attacked Crete in a full-scale operation. The paratroopers came down on airfields held by Empire troops. Though the outcome was a victory for the Germans, their losses were extremely heavy—so heavy that, according to high German officers, Hitler vetoed an eminently sensible plan for a later airborne assault on Malta that probably would have proved successful and would have compromised still further the precarious British situation in the Mediterranean. Indeed, Crete was the last German airborne operation of any size or consequence. From then on, the "paratroopers" fought as picked infantry.

The first large American airborne operation in Europe in July, 1943, was an almost unmitigated disaster. High winds scattered the 82nd Airborne Division troopers over wide areas of the south coast of Sicily, and the division never succeeded in assembling. In addition, through a tragic error our own naval vessels offshore shot down quite a few troop-transporting planes.

The D-Day operations of just under a year later were unquestionably useful, but losses ran high. The U.S. 101st Airborne, which benefited from the most accurate, concentrated drop of the three divisions concerned, succeeded in seizing and holding the vital causeways across the lagoons behind UTAH Beach. The 82nd, once again handicapped by a scattered drop, had some difficulty in assembling but fought like a wildcat after it had pulled itself together and advanced across the hardest half of the Cotentin Peninsula. Down on the east end of the beachhead, the British 6th Airborne had rough going indeed around Caen. Its losses were heavy.

In this instance, it must be remembered that all three were linked up with sea-landed forces within a matter of hours (the 82nd not very firmly until thirty-odd) and no long-term problems of air resupply presented themselves. It should also be remembered that the divisions were relieved after a maximum of a fortnight or so in the line because of their initial losses and because of the fact that an airborne division, while it contains some of the finest fighting men in the world, lacks the mobility and firepower of an infantry division.

The next big operation was a total fiasco. It was SHAEF's late September, 1944, plan of spanning the Maas, Waal, and Rhine in Holland with airborne divisions. The U.S. 82nd and 101st Airbornes, dropped at Eindhoven and Nijmegen respectively, took their objectives after hard fighting, but the British 1st Airborne, stuck out on the tip of the operation at Arnhem, was cut off and overwhelmed by superior forces. The ground forces failed to get through and relieve it because of the error of choosing a poor road net through swampy terrain for the ground-advance corridor. The result was a useless salient; not until late March of the following year was Arnhem secured, and by that time it was not needed. The harm of the operation, outside the losses in men and matériel (seven thousand men at Arnhem alone), consisted in the diversion of the main British effort away from the approaches to the port of Antwerp, with the result that all the armies of the north felt the supply pinch throughout the fall and early winter.

The drop of the British 1st Airborne Division was what the airborne planners always envision when they speak of the "warfare of the future." It was made in considerable force far behind the enemy lines. In this case, air resupply failed because of bad weather. But is weather always good? In this case, the attackers even had the advantage of air superiority over the drop zone—at least at times when the weather cleared.

The last airborne operation of the European war was the March 24, 1945, landing of the U.S. 17th and British 6th Airborne Divisions across the Rhine near Wesel in advance of the 15th Scottish Infantry Division, which had made an assault crossing of the river the night before. General Eisenhower's report characterized this operation (VARSITY) as "the most successful airborne operation carried out to date." The reasons were obvious: Its objectives were very limited, and its drop zone only a few miles ahead of advancing friendly infantry's skirmish line. It was well within range of friendly artillery, which operated against enemy flak before the first plane appeared. Ideal weather and good visibility facilitated the consolidation of units once the ground was reached.

Yet the less risked, the less gained. There is some question of whether VARSITY was necessary at all. The ground link-up came less than six hours after the drop!

WILLIAM S. MOUNTJOY
New York City

RAT RACE

To the Editor: It's too bad we do not have more objective appraisals of officials like that offered by McGeorge Bundy in his review of Taft's book.

Taft's appreciation of the social and political forces at work behind the economic situation seems to me equally questionable.

He has little practical to suggest as a counter to the socialist drift and the false aspects of the production story, nor has he a specific treatment of an "illusory prosperity" against the background of a basic inflation created by two wars and two "deals" supported by deficit financing and further exposed to the absurdities of an uneconomic wage-price rat race.

WALTER SONNEBERG
Philadelphia

FADED RIBBON

To the Editor: "The Women Behind Congress," in the December 25 issue, was a vigorous article until the last paragraph. After the dazzling hints that these inconspicuous women secretaries were more influential than our own elected Congressmen, the commentary fell flat on its rump with the disappointing comparison of these powerful paragons to the stereotyped female who supposedly chatters nonsensically at cocktail parties. If blue ribbons are to be awarded, why give out faded ones?

S. G. LEHMAN
West Hempstead, New York

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor and Publisher*

Assistant Editor, Philip Horton • *Managing Editor*, Robert S. Gerdy

Assistant Managing Editors: Al Newman, William Knapp

Art Editor, Reg Massie

Staff Writers: Robert K. Bingham, Douglass Cater, Richard Donovan, Gouverneur Paulding, Claire Sterling

General Manager, Raymond Frankel

Production Manager, Malcolm J. Fleming

Advertising Manager, Richard F. Lyon • *Circulation Manager*, Albert C. Simonson

VOLUME 6, NO. 2 **JANUARY 22, 1952**

Problems of Faith and Color

AMERICA, THE VATICAN, AND ISRAEL—AN EDITORIAL *Max Ascoli* 4

OUR NEGRO SOLDIERS *John B. Spore and Robert F. Cocklin* 6

CATHOLICS AND POLITICS: SOME MISCONCEPTIONS . . . . *Reinhold Niebuhr* 9

ISRAEL LOOKS TO THE WEST . . . *George Lichtheim* 12

ISRAELI SAILORS ON STRIKE . . . . . *Ruth Karpf* 15

At Home & Abroad

ANTI-SEMITISM—SOVIET VERSION . . *Peter J. Allen* 17

THE KOMSOMOL FACES COMPETITION . . *Albert Parry* 21

THE RUSSIANS AND THE OLYMPICS *J. Alvin Kugelmass* 22

BOB JONES UNIVERSITY . . . . . *George McMillan* 24

BOB TAFT IN DIXIELAND . . . . . *Douglass Cater* 27

Views & Reviews

A POET WHO FLED FROM COMMUNIST POLAND . . . . . *Czeslaw Milosz* 30

MLLE. GULLIVER EN AMÉRIQUE . . . *Mary McCarthy* 34

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT AND A BRIDGE IN WISCONSIN . . . . . *Eli Waldron* 37

THE REPORTER: Published every other Tuesday by Fortnightly Publishing Company, 220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. All rights reserved under Pan American Copyright Convention. Entered as second class matter at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1952 by Fortnightly Publishing Company. Subscription price, United States, Canada, U. S. Possessions, and Pan American Postal Union: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6; Two years $10; Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new address.

in this issue . . .

The best two antidotes *The Reporter* knows for isolationism are (1) a glance at a global map and (2) a close look at ourselves—the various peoples and faiths that constitute the American people. For racial, religious, sentimental, and other reasons, Americans have their favorite foreign countries and continents. In this issue we examine the relationship of Americans to the Vatican and the State of Israel, and point to some good news from the United States Army. . . . **John B. Spore** is Associate Editor of *The Combat Forces Journal*. . . . **Robert F. Cocklin** served with the 93rd (Negro) Infantry Division in the Pacific. . . . **Reinhold Niebuhr** is Dean of the Faculty at the Union Theological Seminary. . . . **George Lichtheim,** a free-lance writer, lived in Palestine from 1934 to 1945. . . . **Ruth Karpf** will be writing shortly from the Far East. . . . **Peter J. Allen** is the pseudonym of a European journalist who contributes frequently to this magazine. . . . **Albert Parry** is Professor of Russian Civilization and Language at Colgate University. . . . **J. Alvin Kugelmass** has traveled widely in Europe and South America. . . . **George McMillan** has been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship to write a social history of the South. . . . **Czeslaw Milosz** was an official of the Polish diplomatic service until 1950. . . . **Mary McCarthy**'s latest collection of short stories is *Cast a Cold Eye*. . . . **Eli Waldron** has written for *Collier's, The Kenyon Review, and Holiday*. . . . Cover by **John R. McDermott**; inside cover photographs from the **U. S. Army** and **William Wollin.**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAX ASCOLI

America, the Vatican, and Israel

IN THESE last few weeks, three powerful groups of Americans—Zionists, Catholics, and organized labor—have learned in three different ways a lesson our State Department knows by heart: No matter how indispensable our assistance may be to the survival of foreign governments and institutions, we cannot dictate their policies. The recipients of our aid talk back to us, sometimes harshly. Whatever the Communists say, we do not want to be the bosses of the world, but we are not saints either—and there are times when we feel hurt.

Ben-Gurion's Outburst

American Zionists must have been hurt when the Prime Minister of Israel, Mr. Ben-Gurion, called their leadership morally "bankrupt." American Jews—both believers in Zionism and Zionists by default, because there is no other land where homeless Jews can go—have contributed enormous sums to the building of the State of Israel. There is a character of uniqueness in the Israeli adventure, in the dedicated courage of the people who struggled through it, in the wholehearted support it aroused, just as there was a unique horror in the punishment that Hitler inflicted on the people who brought into the world the idea of the unique and only God.

Now, in the new state, Jews who have been rejected by the countries where they were born, together with those who freely choose to live in Israel, are conducting the greatest experiment ever tried to solve the Jewish problem: the assimilation into the modern world of all people who call themselves or are called Jews, and who, on account of their Jewishness, are denied the chance of living peaceful, useful lives. In Israel—a nation among nations—all these people are striving to bring about their assimilation not on an individual basis but through collective bargaining.

Had it not been for the U.S. government and a large number of private citizens, not all of them Jews, Israel would never have been born. Mr. Ben-Gurion seems to have forgotten this when he lashed out at the American Zionists for not considering themselves exiles and bringing their families, their means, and their skills to the new state. But the American Zionists know that if they should ever migrate en masse to Israel, of their own volition or because of anti-Semitic compulsion, it would mean that America had failed them, or that they had failed America.

Yet they will go on giving to the State of Israel. Israel has become, for a large number of them, a foreign center of limited allegiance. It gives them a certificate of free immigration; that soothes old wounds. But for almost all of them these undated first papers have only a mystical meaning like the ritual words at the end of the Passover Supper—this year, we are slaves; next year, free men in Jerusalem.

The Pope's Christmas Address

Another foreign center to which large numbers of Americans give allegiance is the Vatican; and from the Vatican, on Christmas Day, came words that probably disconcerted many Americans—particularly Catholics. In substance, the Pope proclaimed the neutrality of the Church in the conflict between communism and democracy—something President Truman must not have known, or he could not have nominated an ambassador to the Vatican to "assist in co-ordinating the effort to combat the Communist menace." The Pope used hard-hitting expressions to denounce what he considers the moral bankruptcy "of a world which loves emphatically to call itself 'the free world' [in quotes]."

Pius XII seems to believe that the difference between our side and the Communists' is one of quantity rather than quality. The Communists are ahead of us in what may be called the robotization of society, but, the Pope seems to imply, we are on the same road. The police state in the Communist countries—or, for that matter, in Spain or Argentina—has obviously and totally subjugated the individual.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But very much the same thing happens when the people are fed "the diet prepared in advance by the press, radio, movies and television." Citizens then become "no more than mere cogs in the various social organizations: They are no longer free men capable of assuming and accepting a responsible role in public affairs. Therefore, if today they cry, 'no more war,' what trust can be put in them? It is not their voice, but the anonymous voice of the social group to which they happen to belong."

These are very hard words that contain a core of bitter truth. In our fight against Communist totalitarianism we are in great danger of losing what we most want to preserve—respect for the individual, his right to explore new paths of knowledge and of social living or, if he so chooses, to proclaim himself above the battle. Actually, this is exactly what the Pope did on Christmas Day: He spoke as a man who is immensely concerned with the world conflict but refuses to be dragged into it.

The Pope's attitude is entirely understandable, and, for all its asperity, wholesome. But if it were shared by the most powerful nation in the anti-Communist world or adopted literally by the thirty million American Catholics, the victory of that most anti-Catholic and anti-Christian thing that is communism would be assured. Indeed, there was a loud cry of enthusiasm for the Pope's address in the Communist and fellow-traveling press.

While the Communists sing their hosannas, each American Catholic, as well as many non-Catholics, may well examine in the secrecy of his conscience whether his own faults of commission or omission justify the Pope's strictures. But certainly American Catholics will not part company with their fellow citizens and proclaim themselves neutral. Nor will they stop giving all they can to the Church.

And Labor

On the day after Christmas the papers reported some bitter things that Mr. George Meany of the American Federation of Labor had said about European labor, governments, and business. They do not fight hard enough, according to Mr. Meany; they all take advantage of American assistance. Businessmen, as well as governments, "play" with Communist unions. Particularly in France and in Italy, he said, "the governments, the unions, and everybody else seem to be willing to let us be concerned, and they do nothing about it. They seem to feel we are the great big colossus of the West—we have the money and we can spend it."

Mr. Meany's language hasn't much in common with the mystical vehemence of Mr. Ben-Gurion or the solemnity of the papal address. If we understand him correctly, he seems to think that American labor —and government—has intervened in European affairs and is getting the run-around. Again, the leaders of American labor are not the only ones who feel this way: They just talk more bluntly.

HERE we have three powerful groups of American citizens all forced to recognize that there are definite limits to the influence they can exert: Israel is not ruled by American Zionists, nor the Vatican by American Catholics, nor the anti-Communist unions in Europe by the A.F.L. and C.I.O. combined.

The leaders of these three American movements have one thing in common: They are treated and considered purely as Americans by their brethren abroad. Their behavior is interpreted in terms of what are supposed to be the traits of the American character; their interference is sometimes resented as American imperialism. These Americans, Cardinals and Zionists and labor leaders, are undergoing extraordinarily similar experiences. If the State Department could dramatize this fact, its policies would gain wider acceptance.

Each one of the major sections of the American people has its ties abroad, exerts its influence on a section of the outside world, and is made to realize the limits of this influence. Each major section of the American people has its own foreign policy, aimed at the welfare of some foreign land. Some Protestant groups used to find their favorite missionary ground in China, and now many Americans, Protestant and non-Protestant, have made Formosa the center of a rather unlimited allegiance.

We have so many foreign ties because we are a combination of the various races and faiths of mankind. This assortment of samples has grown into a most powerful nation, where each of the component elements has become essential to the whole. Within our nation racial or religious intolerance—hostility toward Jews or Catholics or Negroes—is as hideous and dangerous a form of disloyalty as devotion to international communism.

WE are not the chosen people destined to save the world, and our Congress can never act as if it were the Parliament of Man. But somehow we feel that what has happened to men of many races who came here and became Americans should happen, in many different and still unfathomable ways, to the rest of mankind. We do not want to remake the outside world in our image, for otherwise it would never be what we want it to be: a world of free men—really a free world, without quotes.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Negro Soldiers

Korea has proved segregation doesn't pay in battle; after years of official sidestepping, it's on the way out

JOHN B. SPORE and ROBERT F. COCKLIN

THE BIG STORY on Negroes in the Army comes from Korea, and this is it: Mixed units of white and colored soldiers make stronger fighting teams than segregated units.

The comment of a brigadier general just back from Korea emphasized this point:

"No question about it: Mix 'em up and you get a strong line all the way. Segregate 'em and you have a point of weakness in your line. The enemy hits you there and it's 'bug out.'"

What the general was saying is that the Army has learned that a mixed unit is not as weak as its weakest soldier but is as strong as its training and leadership. That was something the Army has long known but rarely applied.

The lesson was forced when the Army ran out of riflemen soon after the Korean conflict broke out. Looking around for replacements, the Army found it had a supply in the Negroes who had enlisted en masse after the ten per cent limitation on Negro strength was abolished in March, 1950. By September, if not earlier, individual Negroes were welcomed into white units which were fighting desperately to hold the Pusan perimeter. "The Army was so hard up for warm bodies that they didn't even look at our color," a decorated Negro sergeant said later.

This experience taught the Army that the average Negro soldier is as able and spirited as his white counterpart when he is convinced that his superiors have confidence in him and are treating him as an equal. The impact of the discovery was immediate. One commander of what had always been an all-white Regular Army infantry regiment wrote in the *Combat Forces Journal* that the thirty-five Negro soldiers in his regiment had all been good soldiers, that two had won battlefield commissions, and a third was "famous for his daring exploits."

Failure of Segregation

The Army might have learned this lesson in the Second World War if it had not subscribed to the tradition that the Army is not a vehicle for social reform. The belief that the Army had to follow the pattern of the civilian society from which it springs was held not only by most of the brass but also by such broad-minded and moderate civilians as Henry L. Stimson, the Secretary of War. That this policy had failed in the First World War and was bound to fail again escaped them. As a result, controversy swirled about—and was pretty much limited to—the performance of Negro units in combat.

In the years following the First World War, several War College studies made the point that the formation of large Negro combat units was inefficient and troublesome. Some recommended that the Army never again form Negro units of divisional size. And yet when the Second World War came, three Negro divisions were organized, reaping little but argument and turmoil. Ancient fears and prejudices overruled the logic of staff studies and such recommendations as that of a distinguished general of Southern lineage who, in 1922, had warned that large separate racial units wasted manpower and caused trouble. Racial difficulties, that general observed, developed between groups, not individuals. He recommended placing one or two Negro soldiers in every white squad.

Something like that is occurring now, and it might be said that while that farseeing officer was thirty years ahead of his time, the rest of the Army could arrive at his position only a few steps at a time. For many years the Army marked time, and its first gingerly taken steps didn't come until after the failure of segregation became manifest during the Second World War. In 1945 the Army convened a board of officers headed by Lieutenant General A. C. Gillem, Jr., wartime commander of the XIII Corps in north Europe, to recommend a more efficient use of Negro manpower.

Mark Time and Sidestep

The Gillem Board sat for three and a half months and came up with what many have considered the neatest exhibition of sidestepping while marking time ever performed by soldiers. It proposed that the Army maintain segregated units and restrict the percentage of Negroes in the Army to that in the whole population. It advocated more

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

skilled jobs for Negroes and experimenting with groupings of Negro and white units.

The only way the Gillem Board plan could have succeeded would have been to create a second Army consisting entirely of Negroes and employing a normal number of all military occupation specialties. Obviously this could not be done, and thus some occupational specialties remained beyond the reach of qualified Negro soldiers.

The Fahy Committee

The President's Committee on Equality of Treatment and Opportunity in the Armed Services—the Charles Fahy Committee—appointed in 1948, put its finger on the weaknesses in the Gillem Board proposals by showing that the creation of new Negro units or the opening up of jobs in certain overhead installations to Negroes didn't equalize job opportunities. The Fahy Committee demolished the Gillem Board's retention of segregated units in these words: "Segregation . . . forced inefficiency in two ways. By requiring skilled Negroes to serve in racial units, the Army lost skills which could find no place in Negro organizations. On the other hand, by concentrating large numbers of unskilled Negroes in combat units, it multiplied inefficiency."

The Fahy Committee observed that if the Gillem Board was serious in recommending that the full skill of every soldier was to be used by the Army it was defeating this objective by insisting that Negro manpower be frozen at a certain fixed percentage. Such a policy, the committee observed, "was irrelevant and arbitrary. The only relevant consideration was . . . whether the Negroes in the Army, given equal opportunity, met Army standards and qualified for their jobs in competition with all other personnel. . . ."

In the three years that the Gillem Board recommendations were operative, a number of white units were converted to Negro units, and Negro battalions and companies were assigned as elements in regiments and battalions that had white battalions and companies. For example, the Negro 24th Infantry Regiment became a part of the otherwise white 25th Infantry Division. This entire effort, the Fahy Committee noted, increased the number of jobs open to Negroes "but did not much expand the types of jobs

available to Negroes . . . [because they] were of a type in which Negroes were already serving."

In overhead installations—the outfits which perform the housekeeping and administrative jobs of the Army—the Fahy Committee noted that "significant" advances had been made in the use of Negroes but that the results were spotty and far from uniform throughout the service. Also, most Negroes in overhead installations were engaged in a relatively few occupations, usually of a lower order of skill: truck driver, cook, baker, manual laborer, typist. In the more skilled occupations such as telephone operator, radio repairman, mechanic, pharmacist, and armor-plate welder, few or no Negroes were given jobs—and it was precisely in these fields that the Army was suffering serious shortages. The Fahy Committee found that in August, 1949, the Army had 490 occupation specialties. In 198 of these there were no authorizations for Negroes. In many other specialties the number of authorizations was infinitesimal.

In Army schools the situation was similar. The Fahy Committee found in the spring of 1949 that of 106 technical-school courses open to recruits who had finished their basic training, only twenty-one had Negro quotas. Also, the Negro quota to these courses amounted to only 4.4 per cent of the total.

The President's Order

This effort of the Army to march forward while marking time came to an end in 1948, when the President's Executive Order directed that "as rapidly as possible" a policy should be established of providing "equality of treatment and opportunity for all persons in the armed services without regard to race, color, religion or national origin." In the months following, the Army (as well as the Navy and the Air Force) made a number of changes in its policies, all at the suggestion of the Fahy Committee.

The Army opened all jobs and school courses to Negroes in September, 1949. In January, 1950, it pro-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vided that Negroes could be assigned to all units, and that Negroes already in mixed units would no longer be required to live in separate barracks and eat in separate messes. In March, 1950, it abolished the ten per cent limitation on Negro strength.

'Belonging'

These several directives were each a step toward eliminating segregation. Negroes in the Army were jubilant; however, they watched cautiously to see how effectively the regulations would be carried out. One Negro corporal told us how he used to go through the Army's handbook of occupational specialties, noting the ones from which he was barred. "It was a real lift," he said, "to go through that book after the ban was lifted and know that if I could qualify any of those jobs was open to me. For the first time I really felt like a member of the Army." The war in Korea broke out, and that soldier fought as a rifleman in the Negro 24th Infantry Regiment. After rotation home he became a news writer in Public Information.

The feeling of "belonging," the rise in spirits that this soldier felt with the abolition of restrictions on his race, is a common phenomenon. Negro soldiers who volunteered in the Second World War to serve as infantrymen in Negro platoons (with white lieutenants) but attached to white companies have told of the challenge they saw in the opportunity.

Brigadier General Charles T. Lanham, who saw a number of such platoons in action in Europe in the late winter and spring of 1945, has spoken highly of those Negroes' devotion to duty and valor. He told of one Negro who had sprained his ankle early in the morning but had continued to fight and was badly cut and bruised from splinters caused by an enemy bullet striking the stock of his rifle. He had picked up another rifle from one of the dead and was continuing the fight when Lanham found him and ordered him back to the aid station.

"He simply looked at me for a minute," General Lanham said, "and then said, 'General, I can't do that. I can't let down my gang. There aren't many of us left.' He saluted and limped off into the fight."

The Army's racial problem hasn't disappeared in the wake of the discovery that the individual Negro is a better soldier when he is given all of the rights of a white soldier. Nor has prejudice disappeared as it becomes clear that mixed units perform well in battle and work well behind the battle lines. The prejudiced and the cautious are quick to counter documented stories of individual Negro heroism with a reminder that statistical studies show that Negroes score lower in the classification tests than white soldiers. They quote such studies of the relative intelligence scores of Negro and white soldiers as this table, made in March, 1945, of a sampling of soldiers of the wartime Army:

AGCT Class	Negro, %	White, %
I	1	6
II	6	32
III	14	32
IV	45	23
V	28	3
Unknown	6	4
	100	100

Such statistics lead many professional soldiers to express grave doubts about the ability of the masses of Negro recruits to assimilate the training every soldier must get, and their ability to perform as well as the average white soldier when they get into battle. Coupled with this is the fact that the Army is now giving the infantry the cream of its manpower, physically and mentally, and men who score low in the tests are ticketed for assignments in the service branches or such jobs as ammunition carriers and truck drivers in the combat arms.

The Service Outfits

These two conditions mean that many Negroes will find themselves right where Negroes have always wound up in the Army: among the hewers of wood and drawers of water. If the distribution of AGCT scores between colored and white soldiers today is similar to the scores in the above table, it is quite apparent that Quartermaster laundry companies, Engineer general-service regiments, Transportation Corps truck companies, and similar units are going to continue to be heavily manned by Negroes. It is conceivable that some such outfits may be all

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

colored, except for a few noncoms and officers. And even these, of course, could be Negroes. Such a situation might lead to charges that the nonsegregation policy was less than universal. However, refutation would not be difficult, for Negroes are serving in units that are mostly white, and mixed units performing menial duties are partly manned by white privates. Also, Negro noncoms and officers are serving in units that have white enlisted men.

The elimination of segregation in the Army is not yet complete; Department of Defense officials expect it to be largely accomplished by the end of this year. Progress has been slow in Europe and in such established installations in the States as the overhead units that operate the Army's schools, large headquarters, and depots. It is almost completely abolished in the Far East.

The most conspicuous successes in the States have been in the training centers. Here Negro noncoms and officers command and train mixed units of young draftees. It is notable that one of the earliest bright spots on the nonsegregation map was Fort Jackson, deep in South Carolina. The success of the program at that training center, which receives recruits from the Southeastern states, dispelled the fear that mixing the races would cause trouble in the South.

The Company Family

To understand how revolutionary the complete elimination of segregation in the Army actually is, it is necessary to have an inkling of the kind of life a soldier lives. In many ways a company of soldiers resembles a large family. Not only do the members of the company eat, sleep, work, and play together, but they quarrel violently among themselves while forming a common front against all outsiders. In such communal living the mixing of the races is a much more radical step than the elimination of segregation in theaters, restaurants, schools, factories, and offices. That it has been successful suggests that the violent objections usually heard are exactly what they sound like —bombast and demagogy. There are, of course, white soldiers who object to living in barracks with colored soldiers even after they have experienced it and come off unscathed. But there are many more who have testified that the experience opened their eyes to the essential sameness of all of the races of mankind.

The reaffirmation of the old truth that it is training and leadership that make an Army of fighting men was a valuable lesson the Army learned from its experience with mixed units in Korea. But the end of segregation has accomplished other significant things. It has given the Negro soldier a sense of intimate membership in the Army of the United States. It has wiped from the conscience of white soldiers the feeling of moral guilt that segregation inflicted on what is, after all, the Army of the United States. And it has wrested from the enemies of democracy a sharp propaganda weapon.

Catholics and Politics: Some Misconceptions

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Most American non-Catholics have a very inaccurate concept of Roman Catholic political thought and life. In this concept, it is assumed that if Catholics anywhere had their way, they would at once build a political structure as much like Spain's as possible.

This kind of reasoning is highly damaging to the mutual understanding upon which a democratic society must rest. Democracy requires more careful and discriminate judgments about friend and foe, particularly since a political foe upon one issue in the vast welter of issues may be a friend on another. Some forms of deduction proceed from the assumption that on every and any question a religious group's political attitude is dictated by its basic creed. Others do not even bother to start with the group's actual basic tenets but with tenets the group is imagined to hold.

Thus it is argued: Catholicism is an authoritarian religion. All forms of authoritarianism are (a) hostile to democracy and (b) are brothers under the skin to totalitarianism. It follows that Catholicism is anti-democratic and totalitarian. A simple syllogism then leads with seeming logic to an extravagant question: Is Catholicism any better than Communism? Even that is frequently answered without allowing common-sense evidence to muddy the clear stream of our deductive process.

Religion and Democracy

There is a story about Garibaldi during his campaign for the political unification of Italy. He was told that he must expect the opposition of every village priest. He declared that he would not assume this to be true until it had been proven. He had the reward that comes

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to every good empiricist: It proved untrue.

I write upon this subject as a Protestant theologian who has his own misgivings about Catholic politics. They can be stated in three propositions:

In the first place, I don't like religious political parties as they exist on the continent of Europe. I believe that one great achievement of Anglo-Saxon democracy is that it has no religious parties. Religious parties are dangerous because they tend to identify the moral ambiguities of politics (and every political position contains some moral ambiguity) with eternal sanctities. The result is that almost any kind of struggle can be interpreted as a contest between Christ and Antichrist.

Second, I think that the Catholic Church tends to identify the historic Church with the Kingdom of God, and too often its final criterion is what a political movement promises or does not promise to the historic Church. It is therefore forced at times to give preference to movements which deserve plainly to be condemned on grounds of justice. The relation of the Catholic hierarchy to Perón in Argentina is a case in point.

Finally, the reasoning of Catholic political moralists is too dependent upon deductive and intuitive "rational propositions" for my taste. I do not believe that the only escape from moral nihilism is to be found in the inflexible propositions of "natural law"; particularly not when these propositions become very detailed and commend some principle (such as prohibition of birth control or the absolute prohibition of divorce) as a moral standard fixed by God's eternal law. No one could convince me that birth control would not be advantageous in Italy, India, and some other overpopulated nations.

Catholicism in Industrial Society

After this confession of prejudices, I can proceed to challenge too-simple judgments about Catholic politics.

The worst defect is that Catholicism is often judged solely as it shows itself in old (and decaying) feudal structures, whether in Spain or South America or even in French Canada. People who argue this way usually ignore the relationship of Catholicism to the political life of modern industrial society. Catholicism is at its least impressive in

feudal-agrarian societies, where it frequently seeks desperately to hold onto special powers and privileges which were essential in the Middle Ages but are so no longer. Catholicism is most creative in highly developed industrial communities.

It seems completely unknown to American critics of Catholicism that the "middle ground" of European democracy is now being held, and has long been held, primarily by a combination of Catholic and socialist parties. For obvious reasons, the alliance has never been easy. Yet for two reasons co-operation has been possible. Catholicism has always believed that "the state has the moral authority to control economic life." In a sense, therefore, Catholicism, which may have been too tender with the weaknesses of feudalism, has never capitulated to pure capitalism. It has never believed that justice would be an inevitable by-product of the free play of economic forces.

In the second place, Catholicism's relation to European labor has differed from that of Protestantism. Protestantism lost the laboring masses almost completely. Catholicism lost them too —tragically, as Pius XI admitted. But Catholicism has recently regained an organic relationship with labor; its labor organizations have become genuine trade unions, and have influenced the policies of the Catholic parties. In effect, unions have formed the bridge which has made the Catholic-socialist alliances possible.

The Protestant Default

In the Germany of the Weimar Republic, the Prussian State Government was controlled for over a decade by a Catholic-socialist alliance. In contrast to the Republic itself, the Prussian régime preserved a remarkable stability. What little stability the Weimar Republic had also depended upon this overt and sometimes covert alliance.

It must be observed that the old German Center Party did not include the Bavarian Catholics. They had their own Bavarian People's Party for the simple reason that their kind of agrarian conservatism did not fit into the policies Catholics had developed in the highly industrialized German Rhineland. Unfortunately, these two parties have since the war become one. The result is that the Adenauer Government is considerably more conservative than the old Center. A few years ago some left-wing Catholics in the British Zone tried to reorganize the Center, but it was no more than a splinter group.

The differences between Catholicism in Bavaria and in the Rhineland are roughly typical of the differences between the expression of the Catholic ethos in agrarian and in industrial situations. In industrial Europe, Catholicism has had a more creative approach to politics than Protestantism because the latter (particularly in Lutheran countries) tends to be too individualistic and too eschatological (that is to say, preoccupied with ultimate religious issues) to be capable of discriminate judgments in the endless complexities of politics.

Situation in France

Since the Second World War, Catholic influence upon politics in western Europe has grown perceptibly, and only the bigoted or unrealistic could ascribe this to Vatican machinations. In France, the Popular Republicans, the M.R.P., emerged as the first strong Catholic political party in the history of the French Republic. It was heir to, and formed by, a long and distinguished line of Catholic "social" thinkers. In the first elections it won thirty per cent of the vote, but this

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strength proved to be ephemeral. What happened was that everyone who would have liked to back the old parties of the Right, which had been discredited by Vichyism, went along with the new party. It has steadily lost both to the older "liberal" parties and to the Gaullists, until now it commands only twelve per cent of the electorate. But it still is a very important political force. Its greatest individual contribution to French politics is perhaps the perpetual French Foreign Minister, Robert Schuman. Its left wing is eager to remove the purely religious cleavage in European politics and to work for a just social order under modern industrial conditions. It is indicative of the temper of French Catholicism that two years ago, when the Pope said it was impossible to be both Catholic and Communist, the French bishops interpreted the papal word so that it would be clear that the Church did not imply a Catholic preference for capitalism. The bishops called attention to previous papal encyclicals to show that the Church did not accept the doctrine of an unregulated economic life. (Perhaps some Americans will remember that Franklin Roosevelt, in his first campaign, justified his New Deal by appealing to Catholic political theories based on Pope Leo XIII's teachings and expounded in this country by the late Father John Ryan. Roosevelt pointed out that the "Social Creed" of the Federal Council of Churches was in substantial agreement with these teachings.)

At Home

It is hardly necessary to expound the realities of the American scene. Fortunately we do not have religious parties. But it would be well for Protestants who talk about the "reactionary" tendencies of Catholicism to remember that, in religious terms, the main political struggles in America would appear to be between Jews and Catholics who are left of the Center and Protestants who are right of it.

The alliance between Republicanism and Protestantism is, as in Europe, prompted by the affinity between religious individualism and the political individualism of the farmer on the one hand and the businessman on the other. Catholics do not have their own trade unions in America, but no one can question that they have a sounder relation to the unions than Protestants, as such, do. This is partly due to the fact that our farmers and business people have been largely Protestant, while industrial workers, at least in the North, are predominantly Catholic and, in certain sections and trades, Jewish. The imbalance is no doubt related to the historic pattern of migration to our shores. A good deal of Catholic politics in America is strictly "lay Catholicism." The fact is that the best Catholic politics in Europe is also "lay," or so it seems at least to an observer who has anti-clerical prejudices.

This does not mean that sharp distinction can be drawn between clerical conservatism and lay progressivism. Some of the more radical tendencies in European Catholic politics emanate from neither lay nor clerical sources but from various Catholic orders. There are individual bishops in every Catholic country—even in Spain—who cannot be branded conservative. Take as an example the recent unexplained tension in Quebec between an archbishop, who had ordered collections in the churches for some strikers, and the very conservative Quebec Government under Premier Duplessis. The archbishop resigned—no one knows just why. It would seem unlikely that a politician could defeat an archbishop

in the counsels of the Vatican. But, in the absence of any authoritative explanation, many Canadian observers draw the conclusion that, in this case, this did happen.

Freedom in Catholicism

In international politics, there is the same need for circumspection. A favorite theory of anti-Catholics is that the Pope is scheming for another world war because of Catholic losses in lands behind the Iron Curtain, particularly in Poland and Hungary. Catholic prelates have indeed made statements which seem to support a "preventive" war. When a pious Catholic Secretary of the Navy voiced such sentiments over a year ago (sentiments which were subsequently repudiated by the Administration), the case seemed to be complete for the theory that American Catholic leaders want a preventive war.

Yet there is strong evidence that the Vatican is strongly opposed to the idea. There is certainly no question that the Catholic statesmen and clerical leaders of western Europe are opposed to it. They are also very critical of what one of them has called the "sterile anti-Communism" of some American Catholics. The Pope's Christmas message with its "plague o' both your houses" note should help refute the usual concept of Vatican foreign policy.

Incidentally, there is no evidence of simple unanimity among clerical leaders of America on problems of international politics. We tend to assume that the position of the most vocal Cardinals is generally accepted. This assumption may be false, but those of us who accept it are not altogether to blame. For Catholic leaders do not criticize each other in public. Nor do they publicly disassociate themselves, although they may privately, from Catholic positions in other nations—Spain, for instance. Thus they are partly responsible for the myth of a monolithic Catholic party, speaking with the same voice throughout the world.

Still it is dangerous for all of us to give the myth credence. Catholicism naturally has a greater unity of discipline than other religious communities. But it has the freedom to relate itself to various national situations. It also has many moral and spiritual resources which can act creatively in a free and responsible society.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Israel Looks to the West

Politically, militarily, economically, and socially the new nation must ally itself with Europe rather than the Middle East

GEORGE LICHTHEIM

JERUSALEM

ANY VISITOR to Israel who knew the old semi-Oriental society of Palestine—agreeably unhurried, well supplied with the necessaries of life, and, at least in Jerusalem, intellectually alive and cosmopolitan—is likely to suffer an unpleasant shock. Life in a poor country swamped by masses of new and untrained immigrants is bound to be hard, but, the visitor asks, need it be quite so repellent? Is this all-out militarization, down to reserve training for married (but childless) women, a real necessity?

As one travels around the country and sees the new agricultural and industrial settlements, the frontier outposts and the youngsters who man them, the shock wears off. In its place there arises a question: Granted that Israel is poor, crowded with immigrants, and compelled to devote disproportionate energies to military defense, can this nation develop into a highly disciplined and productive community? Or will the general standard subside permanently below the European level? There are tendencies in both directions, but the picture looks less hopeful than it did in 1948 and 1949, when the country was buoyed up with victory and before the flood of immigrants—700,000 in four years—had doubled the Jewish population.

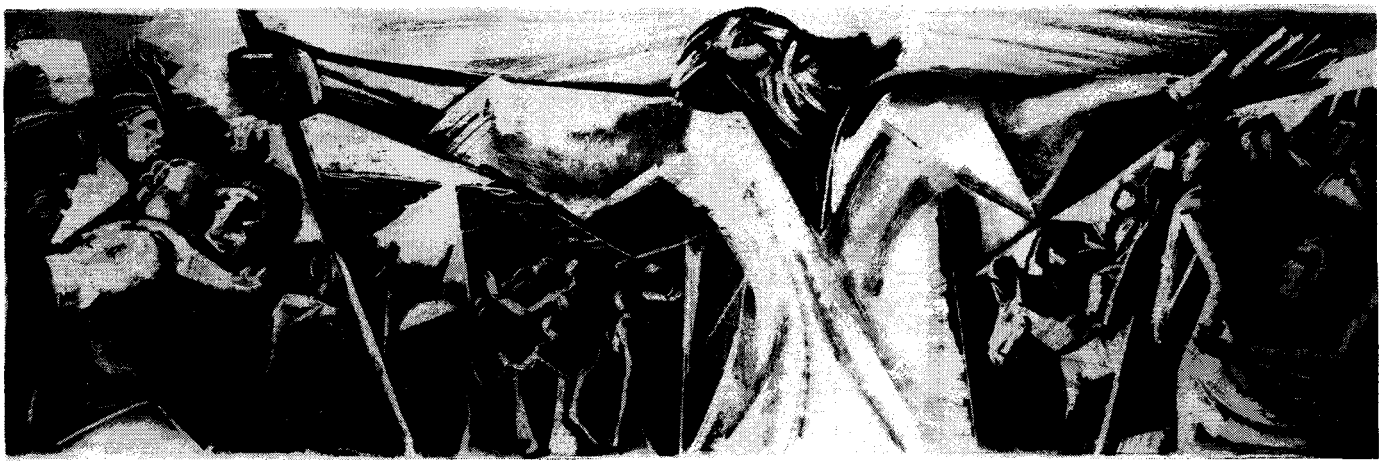
This is one of several articles from various viewpoints on the problems and accomplishments of Israel which will appear intermittently in The Reporter.

There are few people, outside the charmed circle of government officials and propagandists, who would not agree that the policy of uncontrolled mass immigration was a monumental blunder from every conceivable point of view: military, economic, and cultural. But there are few who seriously doubt that Israel can cope with it.

On the Democratic Side

It is necessary to bear this in mind when one turns to the question of what sort of contribution, if any, Israel can make to the defense organization for the Middle East. There is no doubt that the country stands firmly on the democratic side. Unlike the Arab states, it *is* genuinely a democracy, although of the old Czechoslovak rather then the British or American type. Its predominantly east and central European population is animated by the spirit of the republic of Masaryk and Benes. The existence of such a democracy on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean presents the West with an opportunity. Israel, like Turkey, is a predictable factor. Its internal politics is basically of the same pattern as those of the other south European countries, and in one respect—the predominance of a strong, democratic labor movement—Israel may even be said to correspond to the enviable state of affairs in north Europe.

There are some unpleasant features in the picture, but they are of the kind that western policymakers are used to dealing with. There is a small and ineffective Communist Party, and a large and articulate left-wing United Labor Party (Mapam), accounting for one-eighth of the voters, patriotic but sentimentally pro-Soviet, which retains its hold upon an elite of young people bored and dissatisfied with the official Israel Labor Party (Mapai) in control of the Government. There is a rabidly nationalist movement (Herut), which



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at one time threatened to develop into an image of European fascism.

These movements wax and wane within the established context of a democracy that needs only a more effective parliamentary control of the Executive (chiefly of the swollen defense budget, which has hitherto been immune from genuine inspection) to come up to western standards. They are not of the kind that suddenly sweep everything before them. There is no nationalist obsession and no agrarian problem to lend weight to revolutionary agitation as in Iran and Egypt. Despite the recent influx of immigrants from Oriental countries, there is no illiterate mass of voters swayed by demagogues.

Israel's politics, in short, is south European rather than Middle Eastern. Geographically and socially, the country looks to the Mediterranean. Even its present currency inflation (with the attendant waste, unequal distribution, and black-marketeering) is of the French or Italian type. Mr. Ben-Gurion, whose many impressive qualities do not include a sense of humor, may have made foreign observers smile when last summer he declared, apropos of a prolonged Ministerial reshuffle, that Israel was "in danger of becoming a second France." But although his concern seemed excessive, considering the danger of Israel's becoming another Lebanon, the remark did emphasize the country's general orientation. Israel wants to be judged by western standards, and if its politicians lapse occasionally from good taste or even good sense, they cannot be accused of indifference toward the wider community of free and independent nations.

The Defense Jigsaw

That having been said, it must be added that Israel has not yet succeeded in establishing itself in the eyes of the world as a community distinct from its Middle Eastern neighbors. Whereas Turkey and Greece have been invited to join NATO, Israel ranks only as a potential recruit to SACME, the projected Middle Eastern defense organization that Egypt was invited into and refused to join alongside the United States, Britain, France, and Turkey. The fact is that Egypt and Israel cannot be members of the same organization, and the Big Three plus Turkey preferred Egypt.

The State Department and the Foreign Office would have been acutely embarrased if Israel had publicly proclaimed its willingness to join SACME on the heels of the Egyptian refusal. They were spared that embarrassment, and Israel has since been rewarded for its tact by an informal understanding that its defense forces will receive a certain amount of equipment out of funds earmarked by Congress for this purpose. But the whole incident plainly shows that in Washington, London, and Paris the problem is viewed in terms of fitting Israel into the Middle Eastern jigsaw puzzle. And since the logistical importance of the vast and sprawling Arab land mass far exceeds any direct contribution that Israel could make to western defense, every dilemma of this character is bound to be resolved in favor of the Arab League.

For Israel the incident is, or should have been, a valuable lesson. Whether the proper conclusions will be drawn depends on the Government's ability to rid itself of the ideological cobwebs that have hitherto cluttered its field of vision. For a variety of reasons, public opinion has been slow to acknowledge the plain fact that Israel is a Mediterranean country whose culture, as well as lines of communications, link it to southern Europe rather than the Orient. This is obscured by the renascence of the Hebrew language, the Biblical foundation of Jewish culture, the influx of immigrants from Arab countries, and the very fact that some of the leading figures in the Government are fluent in Arabic and entertain off-the-record contacts with Arab spokesmen.

Even a cursory acquaintance with Israel leaves no doubt that its destiny lies with southern Europe. Even if there had been no Arab boycott, the new generation would inevitably tend to gravitate toward the Mediterranean, Europe, and the wider Atlantic world beyond. This is true even of those youthful native-born elements who nowadays tend to display an outspokenly nativist reaction against the recent newcomers from eastern Europe. However strong their indifference to Zionist ideology and their regional culture concept (not unmixed with elements of "blood and soil" worship), their Israeli nationalism has a typically European flavor. It is far too militant to permit any but a purely pragmatic relationship with the surrounding Arab-Moslem world. Like the nationalism of modern Turkey, it turns its back on the past (in this case on the history of European Jewry) to grapple with the present.

An Opportunity Unexploited

The Communists, of course, are causing the greatest worry to foreign students of the Middle Eastern "anti-imperialist movement" today, but it is by no means certain that their real strength corresponds to their current prominence. Basically, they have allied themselves with the nationalist movements at the cost of temporarily postponing a class struggle that offers tempting possibilities. While they have been accepted as allies in the common struggle and granted certain facilities for organizing and agitating, they have also entered competition with movements whose immediate mass appeal is far greater and who gain more as the older parties disintegrate.

This is certainly the case in Egypt, where the Communists are trailing in the wake of the Moslem Brotherhood and the Socialist Party, with the latter outdoing all its rivals in anti-foreignism and the cult of violence, to say nothing of social demagogy.

There is nothing in all this that corresponds to the western nightmare of

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an Oriental volcano on the point of erupting. The Middle East resembles an ant heap much more than it does Vesuvius, but this perpetual flux is certainly no suitable background for long-range military and political planning. Hence the current popularity of Turkey and, once more, the interest now being taken in Israel. One must admit a certain impatience at Israel's relative failure to exploit this opportunity. This is partly due to the economic and social problems facing a community that has suddenly doubled in size and plunged into inflation. But to some extent it is the fault of the country's political leadership. The new state was from the start overwhelmed by problems which the Government —mainly drawn from the ranks of the old Zionist leadership—was ill equipped to tackle.

The result was a crisis of confidence that in turn limited the Government's ability to make the most of its chances. Even the advantage of a relatively powerful and efficient military force was partly nullified by the vagaries of foreign policy. Whenever Dr. Charles Malik, on behalf of Lebanon, rose in the U.N. to arraign Israel for its real or alleged misdeeds, Mr. Sharett, on behalf of Israel, felt it necessary to reply at length, the general effect being that of a permanent duet by two Middle Eastern prima donnas. And since Mr. Sharett shares with Dr. Malik a weakness for harangues on topics only vaguely related to political reality, it sometimes became difficult to decide whether he was trying to expound Israel's policy or to impress Pandit Nehru.

Playing Bridge

In particular, all of Israel's spokesmen seemed for a long time to entertain the amiable illusion that their country could somehow form a bridge between the Soviet bloc and the Atlantic community, between Orient and Occident, or even between eastern and western spirituality. Since United Nations gatherings are marked by politeness, at any rate in the absence of Mr. Vishinsky, Israel's eloquence obtained a friendly hearing; but some of the delegates wondered why a small Mediterranean country—which is what Israel really is—should aspire to such a providential role. Their bafflement was shared by nine-tenths of the population of Israel, including in particular its tough-minded younger generation.

It may be that this phase already belongs to the past. There are signs that it does—certainly Israel has firmly aligned itself with the West on most issues, save some involving Germany.

What matters is that Israel should be accepted, as Greece and even Turkey have been, as an integral part of Europe. The fact that the country's military security demands such a solution may help to overcome the mental road block set up by obstinate overconcentration on the Arab problem. It is just beginning to be realized that this problem is so acute only because Israel's leaders have not clearly emphasized their fundamental solidarity with Europe. The SACME incident was a valuable eye-opener. There is reason to believe that some of the men at the top have seen the danger sign. Their problem now is to transmit their new vision to their countrymen.

The present moment is suitable to a policy of realism, for the country has now emerged from its exalted postwar mood. ("The war," in Israel, is the war of independence in 1948.)

Uncontrolled immigration is coming to an end; so is inflation. There is even a danger that the change-over to deflationary policies will be a shade too abrupt. The budget introduced in the Knesset early last month, and the new economic policy expounded on this occasion, foreshadow a period of stringent austerity.

The Critical Period

Immigration is henceforth to be organized "in accordance with Israel's needs"; new entrants will be required to undertake work on the land; the issue of treasury bonds is to be restricted; income-tax schedules are being revised to stimulate individual enterprise; and payment by results is to be introduced throughout industry in place of the current practice of inflating basic wage scales. The recent Congressional allocation of up to $50 million to Israel, and the arrival of an American financial mission to supervise its use, will work in the same direction.

The use of "counterpart funds" on the ERP model to help finance the swollen development budget of 85 million Israeli pounds (there is also an ordinary budget of 110 million pounds, including an item of 38 million for defense, which certainly does not represent the whole of this outlay) should make it easier to reintroduce somewhat more orthodox notions of finance. The great problem is productivity. The bulk of the new immigrants have to be converted to the gospel of hard work at a time when material rewards are very meager.

Some of the more critical members of Mr. Ben-Gurion's party (to say nothing of the Opposition) are convinced that the aim will not be secured without a drastic spell of deflation, sharp enough to cause temporary unemployment and thus bring down the grotesquely inflated wage rates of the building workers and certain other pampered groups who are currently holding up the public for ransom in exchange for indifferent service. Deflation and currency stabilization should also ease the plight of government officials and other fixed-income earners. There is, unfortunately, no prospect of greater ease in the supply of goods over and above basic necessities. It will be years before the effects of mass immigration, following the collapse of the Arab agricultural sector, are even partly overcome.

The decisive factor, in the end, will be the human equation established at the level where the children of Bulgarian farmers, Yemenite craftsmen, and central European shopkeepers mingle with the native-born. Judging by the present generation of Sabras (native Israelis), the product of the melting pot should be sufficiently tough and adaptable to hold its own in a severely competitive world. The next few years are the critical period. If no major mistakes are made, Israel's people should prove adequate to its needs, but there is no denying that the struggle is going to be tough.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Israeli Sailors On Strike

RUTH KARPF

A FEW WEEKS ago the crew of the *Jaffa,* an Israeli freighter, went on strike in New York. The strike had been called in Haifa by the Seamen's Union, which was asking not only for more money but also for the right to elect its own union officers. Under the constitution of Histadrut, the Federation of Labor, which is also part owner of merchant ships like the *Jaffa,* the total membership of all unions elects the officers of individual unions. The strike in which the crew of the *Jaffa* participated was the first organized attempt to break up Histadrut's centralized authority.

By walking off their ships, the crew of the *Jaffa* had become illegal visitors in the United States, and the men were held at Ellis Island for a few days without a hearing while the Israeli Consulate arranged passage back home for them on the *Nea Hellas,* a Greek passenger ship.

The visiting room where I met the seamen was a large, bare steam-heated hall, decorated only with nicked benches and those stand-up desks you see in post offices. From the windows I could just make out the back of the Statue of Liberty. The men I talked with that afternoon were like many I had talked with during the seven years I myself spent in Palestine while Israel was still striving to be born. But their ideas have changed. Israel as a dream is going out of their minds, and they are waking up to a reality which offers disappointments as well as rewards. Israel is no longer a cause; it is a country.

The Strike Leader

I shall call the leader of the strike Avraham. His pallor, rare in a sailor, was due, his mates told me later, to lack of sleep. He spends his off-duty hours studying economics and writing essays for a publication put out by Mapam, a left-wing Opposition party which used the seamen's strike to embarrass the Government.

Avraham's determination was emphasized by his quiet voice. He kept his hands in the pockets of his khaki trousers, which were clean but unpressed. "A crease in one's trousers is a subtle slavery imposed by a bourgeois culture designed to further decadence among the masses." Avraham talked that way. He is a revolutionary, and when he says a simple word like "No," he says it with all the intensity of a proclamation hurled from the barricades. On Ellis Island that afternoon, Avraham was saying "No" to all attempts to settle the strike. His obstinacy sprang from deep memories common to many Jews, memories that are creating some of the most difficult problems Israel has to face today.

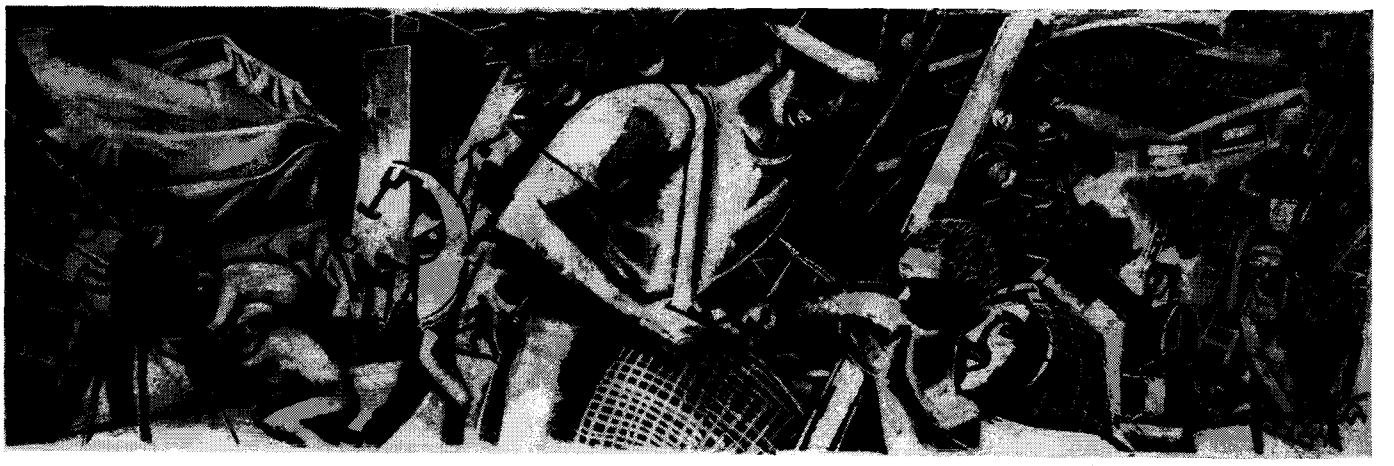
All his life, Avraham has been on the outside fighting his way in. As a child he lived in a Polish ghetto and went through high school sitting at the special "Jew bench" to which many Polish schools sentenced members of his race even before the German invasion. In 1939 Avraham ran to the woods: His parents had been killed, his three brothers shipped off to Germany, and his sister sent to a brothel for German soldiers. In the woods, Avraham found his way to an underground railroad which led him south to the Danube and then through Romania, Yugoslavia, Turkey, across the British-blockaded eastern Mediterranean, and finally to Palestine. But even there the obsession of the perennial outsider prevented him from finding peace. He shifted from place to place, from job to job, and finally felt that his life had meaning only when he joined Mapam. "We are striking against the monolithic dictatorship of the Histadrut and its Social Democratic hypocrisy. We are being shipped back against our will but we shall continue to fight. We have learned how to fight." The low, humorless tension in his voice never changed, even when he refused a cigarette which I offered him. "No," he said deliberately. "I never smoke."

The Assistant Cook

The striker whom I shall call Hanan was easier to talk with. Hanan, the assistant cook of the *Jaffa,* was portly for a boy of twenty-two, and his light-brown mustache could not conceal the softness of his mouth. Despite a snub nose, broken by a British soldier celebrating his last night in Palestine, Hanan's face was attractive.

"So you've come to see the jailbirds," he said with an amused smile. "Well, I've been a guest of His Majesty's government for three and a half years, and now I am a guest of the United States. One gets used to big-power hospitality." Hanan had been, as he put it, the guest of the British government from 1940 to 1944 on Mauritius, a tropical island in the Indian Ocean where the British maintained a detention camp for Jews caught trying to enter Palestine. On Mauritius the men were housed separately from the women. Hanan, being under fourteen, lived in the women's section, at first with his mother and then alone after she died. She had never been strong, and the weeks spent on a blockade runner, crowded in with hundreds of other refugees and given little water and practically no food, had made her ill. Hanan's father, who had managed to get to Palestine two years earlier, took a job on the Haifa docks the day the refugee ship was pulled into port

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



by the British coast guard. He had hoped to be able to get close enough to see and perhaps even to talk with his wife and son, but this turned out to be impossible. The best he could do was to borrow a pair of binoculars from the port engineer to watch the passengers being transferred by British soldiers to the ship that would take them to Mauritius. It was the last time he saw his wife.

Hanan got to Palestine in 1944 through a special concession of the British. He was sent to a vocational school where he got training as a cook, and then he fought in the Israeli Army in 1948. After that, he went to work in one of Israel's new tourist hotels. Again the life was comfortable enough, but he felt stifled. He joined the merchant marine to see something of the world. "All packed together, seeing the same faces again and again, listening to the same stories, knowing the same problems so closely, so constantly—it makes me want to clear out. I get this feeling when I arrive in Haifa, and I even get it on the ship now," Hanan broke off and looked around the crowded room. Then he glanced quickly over his shoulder out the window before he turned back to me. Lowering his voice, he asked, "Do you think there would be any chance of my coming to America to live?"

The Engineer

One of the engineers on the *Jaffa*, whom I shall call Ephraim, is, I believe, more typical of young Israelis these days than either Avraham or Hanan. Ephraim, as an officer of the ship, was, like me, a visitor to Ellis Island. By arrangement with the strikers, the officers were to stay with the ship.

Ephraim was short, dark, and rather shy. He came to Palestine when he was very young and went to sea twelve years ago. He has sailed under many flags. After a couple of sinkings during the Second World War, he joined the American merchant marine and became the first engineer of a Pacific tanker, but he gave up the job and the good pay to join the "illegal navy" that was trying to run refugees into Palestine through the British blockade. He was caught twice. Once he escaped by producing a fake Turkish passport, passing himself off as one of the refugees rather than a member of the crew. Crew members of the illegal navy were sent to real prisons, whereas the refugees were sent to camps from which escape was fairly easy. The second time Ephraim was caught he recognized the British officer who was conducting the interrogations as a man with whom he had served on a British ship. He told himself that he was hooked for good this time. When the British officer asked Ephraim to give his name, Ephraim gave his old shipmate an ironic smile and said, "Barnaby Schlemiel." For an instant, the British officer looked into Ephraim's eyes, and then he turned methodically to his clerk with instructions to send "Barnaby Schlemiel" off with the rest of the refugees. Since engineers were valuable, Ephraim's escape was arranged at once.

"I've just about had enough of the sea," Ephraim told me. "We've got a lot of youngsters coming along now, and next spring I think I'll go ashore for good and settle down." He grinned. "Even Israelis cannot live by ideals alone, you know. We haven't done badly in only three years' time, but I do feel that now we should take a breather for a while and try to digest what we've bitten off."

The Consular Official

On the ferry back to Manhattan, I stood at the railing with an official at the Israeli Consulate. He had been sent out to Ellis Island to tell the strikers about the arrangements that had been made for their passage back home. The consular official, a tall, loose-jointed young man, dressed in well-tailored tweeds, seemed troubled. He was troubled because the sailors had decided to fight out their battles with Histadrut in a foreign port. He was also troubled because the strike had eventually to be broken by Histadrut, which convinced American union officials that the strike was a political matter, and was able to get an American crew to man the ship back to Israel. (The strikers succeeded in getting more money but lost on the issue of being allowed to elect their union officers.)

The consular official confessed his concern about the entire digesting process which I had heard Ephraim recommend. He knew that many of his countrymen no longer care about building Israel up, and yet at the same time he regretted the Government's decision to cut down its "ingathering of the exiles" from fifteen thousand people a month to ten thousand "selected" immigrants a month. Perhaps, above all, he was saddened by the sight of sailors from the first ships Israel has put to sea in two thousand years locked up in a detention ward on a foreign island. As the ferry bumped against the yielding pilings at South Ferry, he looked back at Ellis Island and said, "A dream come true can still be a hell of a mess."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anti-Semitism—Soviet Version

Under the label of 'cosmopolitanism,' the Communist attacks on Jews and Jewish influence are coming out into the open

PETER J. ALLEN

IN THE early 1920's, Russian anti-Semites used to define a "Soviet" as "a body ninety-nine per cent Jewish and one per cent Russian." Today even the most virulent Jew-baiters have to admit that times have changed.

The present Supreme Soviet of the Soviet Union is composed of 1,316 Deputies. Five are Jews. Two are well known to the outside world: Lazar Kaganovich of the Politburo, the only Jew left in the most important organ of the Communist Party and of the U.S.S.R. itself, and Ilya Ehrenburg, writer and propagandist. Rozalie Goldenberg represents the region of Birobidżhan, which during the 1920's was touted as the future Soviet homeland of the Jews. The other two Jews are Anna E. Kaluger, from Bessarabia, and Mark Spivak, from Stalino.

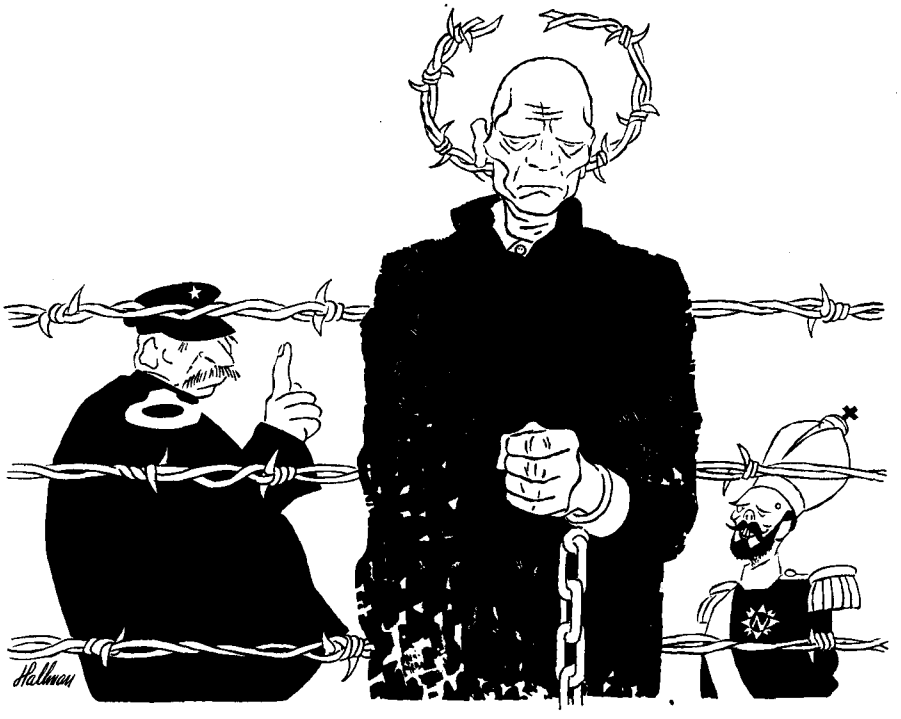
The fall of Rudolf Slansky, a Sudeten Jew whose real name is Salzmann and who until late last autumn was general secretary of the Czechoslovak Communist Party, is the most recent instance of Red anti-Semitism. It was underscored by the words of Premier Antonin Zapotocky on the case December 18: "We shall not tolerate any foreign influence in our affairs, whether from Washington or London, Rome or Jerusalem. When negotiations were being carried on before February, 1948, for nationalization of capitalist enterprises, those who are emigrants today wanted to give back the nationalized concerns to the Jewish and other capitalists under the camouflage of restitution."

The elimination of Jewish influence from Soviet life and policy has been a long process. There was no one turning point. Each step has had its own particular spur and characteristics. The great purges of the 1930's eliminated the actual opposition to Stalin. If the names of Jews, such as those of Grigori Zinoviev and Lev Kamenev, appeared in the list of those condemned by the Moscow trials in larger proportion than seemed warranted, it was because Jews were "overrepresented" in the Old Guard of the Bolsheviks.

After the purges came the war—and with it the mass extermination of Jews by Stalin's part-time ally, Nazi Germany. Much has been written about the special care the Soviet Government took in 1941-1942 to save the Jewish population from the racist fury of Hitler's "special battalions." Soviet propaganda stressed the claim of systematic evacuation of Jews from the regions threatened and later overrun by the German armies. This "humane" attitude of the Kremlin was confirmed as Jews in this country received letters from relatives who had lived in Odessa or Kherson and were safe in Tashkent, the capital of Uzbekistan.

Germans and Ukrainians

The facts as later revealed changed the picture of this eastern exodus. In the



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first phase of the war, the Russians evacuated only those who were useful to the war effort. Naturally there were Jews among these technicians, engineers, and chemists. The "unproductive" part of the population was left behind. When Kiev fell, the majority of the Jewish community there suffered the fate of their brethren in Poland.

The arrival of the Germans was greeted by many Ukrainians as a "liberation" from the Soviet yoke. Old anti-Semitic feelings which had been suppressed by the Soviet government again manifested themselves. The Ukrainians, inventors of the pogrom, hardly needed any encouragement to collaborate with the Germans in the extermination of Jews. After the example of Kiev had been repeated in other Ukrainian cities, the Soviet Government began to encourage all Jews to flee to the Asian provinces of the Union. One reason behind this urging was the need to eliminate a common bond between the Ukrainians and Germans—the strong bond of a common hate. In all, two million Jews survived the war in the Soviet Union (out of a prewar Jewish population of 3,100,000).

About-Face on Israel

After the war, it seemed as if Moscow, revising its former rejection of Zionism, was on the side of the Jews in their struggle for a permanent homeland. Soviet support of Zionist hopes was formally given in the United Nations on April 20, 1947, when Andrei A. Gromyko announced in the Political Committee that he would vote in favor of the partition plan recommended by the U.N. Investigation Commission. He spoke of the heavy sacrifices of the European Jews under Hitler and maintained that it was necessary for them to have their own state.

From then on, the Soviet Union was consistently on the side of the Jewish Agency for Palestine and later the government of Israel. It was Dimitri Z. Manuilsky in July, 1948, who, as president of the Security Council, first recognized in the United Nations the existence of Israel by inviting the "representative of Israel," Abba Eban, who had formerly been referred to as the "representative of the Jewish Agency," to take his seat at the Security Council's horseshoe table.

A couple of months later there suddenly began one of the abrupt 180-degree turns in policy which Stalin never hesitates to make. The task of heralding it was given to Ehrenburg. On September 21, 1948, *Pravda* carried an article of his depicting the Zionists as "Jewish nationalists and mystics." He implied the Jewish state was no longer a necessity for peace and international security, but a transitory place of refuge for Jews persecuted in "reactionary" (non-Communist) countries. Israel, Ehrenburg suddenly discovered, was governed by bourgeois nationalists who would sell out the interests of the Jews to the imperialists. His analysis was presently echoed by the entire Soviet press and propaganda apparatus.

Andrei Gromyko

'To Jerusalem!'

Then came an unexpected scene in Moscow on October 24, 1948. Joseph Newman, in an article called "Russia Uncensored" (the New York *Herald Tribune,* November 8, 1949), termed it "one of the very few [unauthorized demonstrations] since Premier Josef V. Stalin took power.

"It occurred on Rosh Hashana, the Jewish New Year, at the Moscow synagogue. Members of the Israeli Legation, headed by Mrs. Golda Myerson, had just arrived to open the first mission [to] . . . the Soviet Union.

"They were invited to attend the religious services at the synagogue. When Mrs. Myerson and members of her mission arrived they were amazed

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ilya Ehrenburg

at the huge throng of Jews who packed the entire street in front of the synagogue to greet them.

"They were dumfounded at what happened next. There was an impassioned and almost hysterical outburst of feeling. Jewish men and women broke out in tears. They wept as they cheered and cried aloud: 'We have waited all our lives for this! For Israel! Tomorrow to Jerusalem!'. . . .

"First, a group of Jews accused of having been the ringleaders of the demonstration were rounded up and imprisoned," according to Newman's account. But obviously this was not enough. The support of Israel had led the Jews to the erroneous conclusion that they too would be permitted to emigrate to the new state.

After this incident the attacks on the Zionists and the Jews in general gained in fury. In a pamphlet by the Soviet writer T. A. Ganin, Zionism was defined as a "reactionary and anti-democratic trend of the Jewish bourgeoisie." Zionists were accused by others of double allegiance, "cultural isolationism," subservience to western capitalism, disruption of the workers' ranks, sabotage of Socialist construction, and black-market *valuta* dealings.

In the U.S.S.R. itself, these attacks on Zionism coincided with the liquidation of the Jewish press and organizations. Zionism itself had been outlawed since the early 1920's, but there existed certain cultural groupings of Jews, the center of which was the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee in Moscow and its organ, the Yiddish language *Einikeit* ("Unity"). In November the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee, which during the war had served Stalin's propaganda well and whose Secretary, Itzik Pfeffer, had made a good-will trip to the United States (mainly to spurn American relief activities on behalf of Russian Jewry), was dissolved without any public explanation. *Einikeit* was suddenly discontinued. According to material gathered by Joseph Gordon of the American Jewish Committee, Pfeffer, L. Goldberg the editor, and the writers Markish, Nister, Halkin, Bergelson, Broderzon, and Kvitko were arrested and disappeared. "An official announcement of their arrest was never made" writes Gordon, "but the reports were never denied. Their names simply disappeared from the press. The world Communist press responded to repeated questions about the fate of these men either with silence or abuse. In the Ukraine the Yiddish *Der Stern* also ceased publication.

"After that no [Jewish] periodicals were left in the Soviet Union, except possibly in Birobidzhian."

'Cosmopolitanism'

As it was impossible for Stalin to admit the existence of Zionism in the Soviet Union and as Russian Jewry had risked even the terror of the MVD to show its sympathy for the new state of Israel, the Soviet Government continued its offensive against Judaism—although it was seldom spelled out by name. A violent official campaign against "cosmopolitanism" started in the beginning of 1949. It is probable that Israel's existence was only one factor in this campaign, which coincided with a general increase of manifestations of Russian nationalism. This was the period which brought forth daily discoveries that automobiles, penicillin, electricity, etc., were in fact "invented" in Russia. Public denunciation and the threat of liquidation was the punishment for those "cosmopolitans" who dared to deny these "well-known facts."

An example is the case of the Soviet scientist S. Altschuler, who wrote that penicillin had been discovered by Sir Alexander Fleming. In taking Altschuler to task as a "contemptible cosmopolitan," *Komsomolskaya Pravda* (the Communist youth organ) introduced a new form of denunciation. It discovered that Altschuler (whose name was unmistakably Jewish) had used pen names like Zveryev and Vladimirov—both unmistakably Russian.

This sort of revelation became a common practice. Thereafter the Soviet press often put the original names of Jews in parentheses after their Russian names. This introduced an obvious anti-Semitic element into the campaign. During the Moscow trials, for instance, never had Trotsky been referred to as Bronstein, Kamenev as Rosenfeld, or Zinoviev as Apfelbaum. What would have been shocking to the Soviets in the 1930's appeared progressive and correct in 1949.

'People Without Roots'

Although the campaign was not aimed exclusively at Jews, these constituted more than two-thirds of the known victims. The definition of "cosmopolitanism" itself fitted perfectly the definition earlier given Zionism. "Cosmopolitanism" was denounced as "the desire to undermine the national roots of national pride." And it was added that "people without roots are easier to push over and to sell into slavery to American imperialism." At the same time, adjectives like "passportless," "wandering," and "alien" were attached to those accused of "cosmopolitanism."

Emigration from the Soviet Union

Lev Kamenev

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Only two elderly women and one war invalid have been allowed to emigrate . . .'

to Israel cannot be properly described even as a trickle. The *American Jewish Yearbook of 1951* notes that "from the time of the establishment of Israel in May, 1948, to July, 1950, only two elderly women and one war invalid have been allowed to emigrate from the Soviet Union." The same source quotes reports of deportations of Jews from border territories such as Lvov in the western Ukraine (formerly Polish), where thirty thousand Soviet Jews had settled after the war. The report states that all of them have been evacuated eastward.

The *Yiddish Journal* of August 15, 1949, reported that regular police provocation was occurring in Koshinev and Czernowitz in the southwestern Ukraine near the Romanian border. Soviet authorities invited Jews wishing to emigrate to Israel to register with the local authorities. The majority of the local Jewish population registered and was helped to emigrate—to the concentration camps of Murmansk on the Arctic edge of Russia. These reports were vehemently denied on August 18, 1949, by the Soviet Embassy in Washington, which labeled them "fantastic."

Along with these attacks on Zionism and "cosmopolitanism," the Soviet authorities directed themselves to Jewish cultural life. On March 13, 1950, the Jewish Telegraphic Agency reported that the two last Jewish schools in the Soviet Union—one near Vilna and the other near Kovno—had been closed down and their pupils transferred to Lithuanian schools. Another report from the *Jewish Chronicle* of London on August 18, 1950, stated that Soviet authorities had prohibited all Jewish communal activity in Mukacevo in the Carpatho-Ukraine area, which had once been a great center of Jewish cultural and religious life.

Not only Jewish religious activities have been curtailed in the years since the war. The official line of the Communist Party has again been stressing the fact that religious tolerance is not in line with Bolshevik principles. The writer Alexander Isbakj (Isak Bakhrakh) has been condemned for his "glorification of the Jewish religion" and "Zionist propaganda," because of a semi-autobiographical novel revealing that in his youth Jews gathered in synagogues, studied the Talmud, and "relished the wisdom of generations."

The result of all these campaigns and denunciations has been to cut off from the outside world the two million Jews of the Soviet Union. In an open letter published in the magazine *Jewish Frontier* in February, 1951, the Zionist labor leader Hayim Greenberg asked the Soviet ambassador these questions:

"And what has happened to Jewish education in the Soviet Union? Are there still any schools with Yiddish as the language of instruction? If so, how many and where are they? How many children attend them? What textbooks do they use? . . . Or have the Yiddish schools closed down because Jewish parents refuse to send their children there? If that is the case, we want to know . . . I am told that the entertainment columns of the Moscow newspapers no longer mention the existence of a Yiddish theater. Yet only a few years ago the dramatic art in Yiddish had been highly praised. These are not military secrets which a government is justified in concealing."

These questions have not been answered.

If the creation of the state of Israel set off or accentuated the drive against Judaism in the Soviet Union, it also had its repercussions in the relationship of the Soviet Union to the Moslem world. During the 1948 Security Council discussion of the conflict embroiling Israel and the Arab League, Gromyko and his Ukrainian colleagues Vassili A. Tarassenko and Dmitri Z. Manuilsky were most outspoken against what they termed Anglo-American (mostly British) help to the feudal Arab sheiks. On May 29, 1948, the Soviet delegation introduced a draft resolution in the Security Council accusing the Arab states of provoking a threat to the peace in Palestine. The draft was not adopted. Only five (U.S.S.R., the United States, France, the Ukraine, and Colombia) voted in favor instead of the required seven.

The Moslem World Watches

From this, it seemed probable that the Kremlin did not exclude the possibility of wooing the Jewish state into its orbit or at least into complete neutrality. By April, 1950, Zionism had become, according to V. B. Lutsky, a Soviet expert on the Jewish question, "one of the potent weapons of American and English imperialist policy in the Near East." On July 14, 1950, Radio Moscow attacked Israel's approval of the U.N. action in Korea and accused Israel of "[siding] openly with the aggressors." At the same time the Soviet press called Israel a satellite of western imperialism.

It will be remembered that the Arab states, allied with a majority of the Asians represented in the United Nations, were less than enthusiastic in supporting U.N. intervention in Korea. This hesitancy, coupled with the obvious internal weakness and chronic misery of these states, may have given the signal for a greater concentration of Soviet effort in their direction.

In the Middle East, the dominant force is nationalism. The Soviets know well how to exploit this. It is obvious that events in Iran could not be better stacked for Soviet exploitation. And although the Soviet Union's onetime support of the Zionists had certainly alienated the sympathies of this part of the world, perhaps by now its anti-Jewish campaign has succeeded in re- in reversing the trend.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Komsomol Faces Competition

ALBERT PARRY

THE KREMLIN'S decision not to repeat its World Youth Festival in 1952, at least on the grand scale of last August's production in east Berlin, raises some questions about Moscow's vaunted success as Pied Piper. Most of the Russian papers, particularly *Komsomolskaya Pravda* (the central daily of the U.S.S.R.'s Communist Youth League), are currently adopting tones of anger and dismay over the generally poor results achieved by thirty-four years of rigid youth indoctrination. The program is going astray not only in the satellite states, where its failure could have been anticipated, but also in the Soviet Union itself.

'Sinister Advice'

The biggest shock for Soviet theoreticians in recent months has been the rise of youth organizations other than the Komsomol. The fact that these groups are non-Communist may have something to do both with their emergence and with their success. The first news of these groups appeared in the *Komsomolskaya Pravda* last September 20. Under the headline SINISTER ADVICE, the Komsomol paper took to task the Soviet Ukrainian pedagogues of a regional office of labor-reserve schools (schools of compulsory manual training). Their sin was in publishing a brochure outlining a system of self-governing student councils which made no mention whatever of the Komsomol.

Citing, from the brochure, the work of the student council in School No. 11 at Dnepropetrovsk, the Moscow daily inquired:

"But where is the Komsomol organization? Not a word about this in the brochure. The Council takes care of everything. . . . It seems that the Komsomol organization in that school is just a helpless appendix to the Student Council."

About a month later, on October 25, *Komsomolskaya Pravda* revealed that the Dnepropetrovsk case was not an isolated one. "Against the demands of life," the newspaper declared indignantly, "new forms of students' collective organizations" were becoming epidemic throughout the Ukraine. The very names of these organizations showed a surprising variety, a lack of desirable uniformity. Here were student councils, councils of elders, elderates, brigades, links, and detachments led by commanders. The nomenclature was vaguely Soviet but the intention was clearly non-Communist. The functions of student self-government were being taken over by the new groups.

How can one keep silent in the face of such a terrible problem? the Komsomol paper wanted to know. It admitted that School No. 11, the main culprit of the case, was still one of the nation's best. But so "demoralized" had even the Communist officials of that school become that "its Komsomol secretary is devoting more attention to the Elderate than to Komsomol work."

Komsomolskaya Pravda for October 16 offered this description of a Komsomol conference of the Kharkov Institute of Railroad Engineers:

"Front rows are empty. But in the rear of the hall you won't find a vacant seat. Young people sit there with books, outlines, and lecture notes open. The moment the chairman introduces the main speaker, all these young people begin to read."

Different Speaker, Same Speech

The Komsomol doldrums in the Ukraine are not confined to schools. The Komsomol secretary of a Kharkov candy factory has complained that "our Communist Youth members are inactive. They keep silent at our meetings. They don't carry out assignments." Out of one hundred eligible youths, only one had joined the Kom-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

somol there in the previous four months.

The general apathy seems to have extended right to the top level of youth bureaucracy. On October 9 the Komsomol newspaper chastised the Komsomols of the Orel and Novgorod regions, where "lectures for the young are planned haphazardly," where no praise to "the labors of the Soviet youth in the building projects of Communism" is sung, and where lecturers to the Komsomol groups "insufficiently acquaint the youth with the remarkable successes of the Soviet people." At a camp on the Volga-Don Canal project, the young ditchdiggers were hearing the same Komsomol lecture over and over again, according to the *Literaturnaya Gazeta* of September 20. It appeared that Moscow had sent a number of lecturers, but that they all were speaking from the same outline on the same topic: "Communist Upbringing of Youth." The lecture had, understandably, begun to pall, but the local movie house, according to the account, was always full, thanks to a regional distributing office which sent "well-worn foreign films" to the camp.

Soviet-Style Sin

The new nonpolitical clubs are attracting an enthusiastic following. The Komsomol daily on October 10 wrathfully depicted a sinful scene in a Leningrad youth club: "The band diligently plays a foxtrot. Several couples go through intricate steps to this music. . . . Wishing to cater to backward tastes and to make as much money as possible, the management includes jazz music." On November 23 *Komsomolskaya Pravda* condemned the flutter of Moscow "bobby-soxers" sighing after the handsome young tenor of the Bolshoi Theater for autographs. On October 9 it had spoken regretfully of "the empty verses, ornamented with hearts and arrows" in the albums and diaries of the girls in Tula. And on September 28, in an article entitled "On Daydreaming," it had summed up its feelings over the general lack of true Communistic "self-sacrificial" spirit among Soviet youth:

"At times we find in our midst youths and girls with complacent ideas on the aims of one's life. Infected with vestiges of the old and passing world, they daydream of material comfort and a happy existence. . ."

The Russians And the Olympics

J. ALVIN KUGELMASS

IT'S A SAFE BET that the Russians' decision to enter the 1952 Olympics was not made lightly. They must be sure of winning: "Face" and prowess are as necessary to the Communist régime as they were to Hitler's and Mussolini's. The body stalwart is a kind of trade-mark in Russia even as it was in Nazi Germany.

But this Russian cocksureness is perplexing. For if the Russians abide by the rules of the International Olympic Committee, then most of their known stars will be disqualified under the code governing amateur standing. That is, unless the Russians have eligibles under cover who are unknown to the West, who are playing leapfrog with records, and who bear amateur standing. But this appears doubtful.

In 1947, after several months of bickering with the International Committee, the Russians withdrew their application for entry at the 1948 Olympics. With professional and seasoned huff, they denied that their entrants did not possess amateur standing, and they took a walk, muttering things about "enemies of the people and counter-revolutionaries."

The International Committee, at the time, had charged that Russian athletes who were to be entered were subsidized by the Soviet government with honors and medals that bore emoluments running to ten thousand dollars a year, that included villas on the Black Sea, tax exemptions, and the right to use Moscow streetcars free of charge.

Last spring the Russian application for participation in the 1952 games was accepted by the International Committee after K. A. Adrianov, president of the newly formed Soviet Olympic Committee, guaranteed that entrants selected by his group would bear no taint of professionalism.

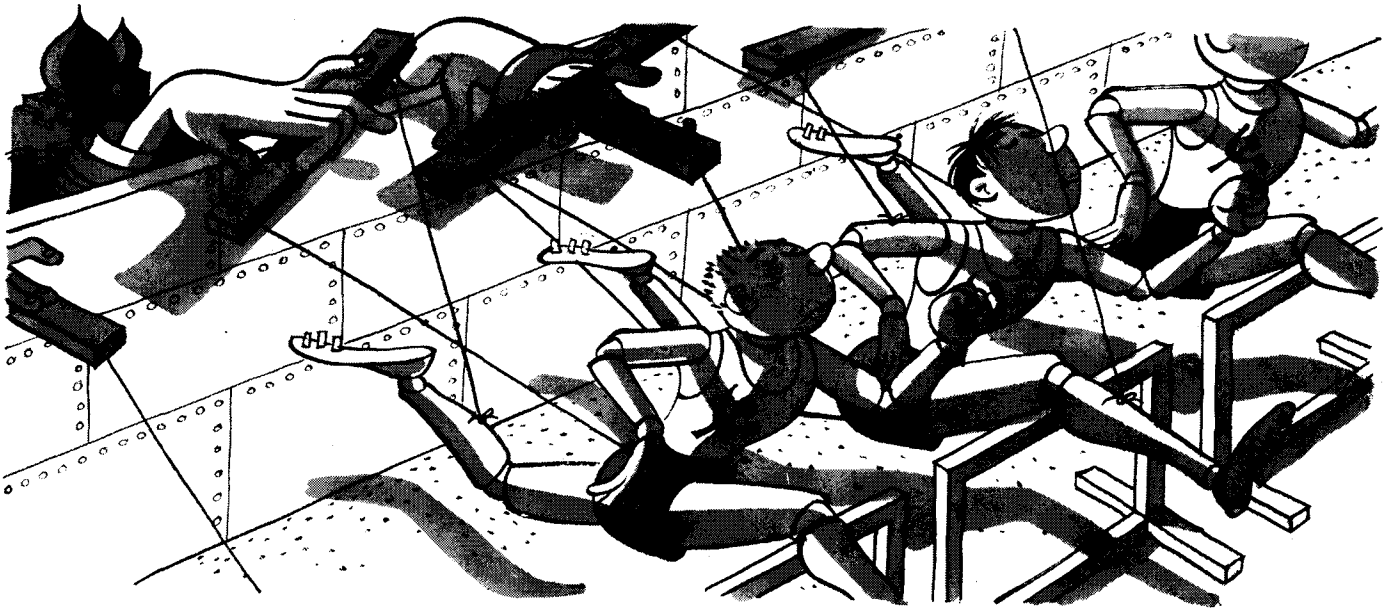
The sports world enjoys a more informal gallantry than obtains at a session of the U.N. General Assembly, and there were polite murmurs of approval at the Vienna session of the International Committee which voted unanimously, except for three abstentions, to accept the Soviet application. Off the record, however, a profound gloom was observed on the faces of the high officials from western countries. Paul Méricamp, president of the French Olympic Committee, shrugged and said enigmatically: "There will be great trouble. The Russians behave like lawyers at the track meets. Also, how will we know their entrants are amateurs?"

The Brannigan at Brussels

M. Méricamp recalled the embarrassing fuss put up by the Russians at the 1950 "Little Olympics" in Heysel Stadium, Brussels, following the running of the 400-meter relay. A Britisher had broken the tape, but the Russian team claimed that the British had run in the wrong lane. The Russians said that the points should be awarded to them and that the British should be disqualified. All the Soviet participants rushed onto the field, shook fists, and shouted in a manner most unbecoming in a sporting event of international consequence.

Within a few minutes, three officials from the Soviet Embassy in Brussels appeared and assumed the leadership in the shouting. There was a suspension of other field events scheduled for the day while everyone adjourned to hash the matter over. The officials suggested mildly that the race be run again. The Russians refused vehemently and quoted rules, precedents, and authorities. Again the officials suggested a compromise rerun. The Russian Embassy officials went into a huddle, and their

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



spokesman, Givi Meladze, said darkly: "We must await instructions from Moscow."

That night, at the clubhouse which had been set aside for athletes and officials, the Russians huddled by themselves in a corner over vodka and orange juice, and cut everyone dead. The atmosphere began to resemble that of a disarmament conference. The next day, the situation was still stalemated.

"We are still awaiting instructions from Moscow," Meladze said somberly. "The Russian people are not happy about this attempt to pluck our victory from us."

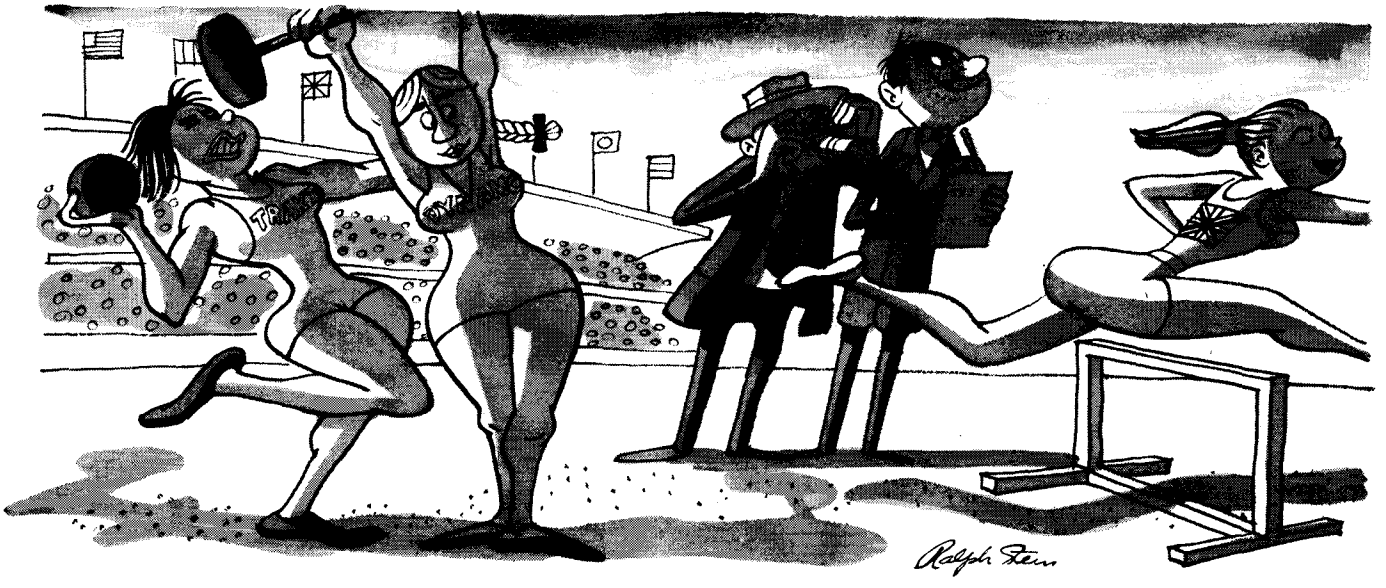
Instructions finally came by telephone. Yes, the Russians would run again. They did and they won, and with unsportsmanlike smirks they trotted to their dressing rooms. These points won the week-long meet for them.

Almost every nation in Europe was represented at the Heysel Stadium meet, and on all sides there were expressions of disgust with the Russians' *pettifogging*. Athletes from Scandinavia especially were most resentful. They said they had never seen such an imbroglio churned up at any international sporting event, which should be gentlemanly and staid affairs, conducted with protocol and decorum.

The Russians entered forty-five athletes at the Brussels meet. More than half of them will not be permitted to enter the Helsinki Olympics under the amateur code. The Brussels meet had no such severe strictures. Many, such as Vladimir Shukharev, who won the 110-meter high hurdles, and Nina Dumbadze, probably the foremost female athlete of the world in several events, are definitely classified as professionals.

The Brussels meet was not regarded lightly by Soviet sports officials, nor did it lack national attention; most Soviet newspapers kept the story on page 1. That meant that the Russians had entered their best. If the majority of them are disqualified because of professional status, the question is, Who will be entered in the 1952 Olympics?

About seventy nations are expected to compete at Helsinki before seventy thousand spectators. This will be the first time since the Revolution that the Russians will have competed. They will



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be the chief attractions in Helsinki, partly because of curiosity and partly because most of the spectators present will be hoping to see them licked.

Mass Athletics

The U.S.S.R. has a vast assemblage of amateur athletes upon whom to draw for its Olympics participation. For athletics there, as in other dictatorships, is a mass phenomenon.

There are, for example, nine million adults who are members of various sports organizations and who disport themselves at more than 600 stadiums, 14,000 sports grounds, 6,000 skiing stations, and 4,500 pools in the Soviet Union. There are eight publicly supported physical-culture schools where some 40,000 potential stars are trained free of charge; and there are thirty-nine schools across the vast country where athletic instructors receive training.

It is conceded by such an expert as Avery Brundage, president of the U.S. Olympic Association, that Soviet women stars will beat the U.S. and British entrants. "I know the United States has no women athletes who can compare with Soviet women stars. But who can be interested in a woman shot-putter?" he asked mildly. This predilection among Communist women to hurl a discus farther than women of other nations or for casting heavy iron balls a longer way than any women in history may be of fascination to students of revolutionary movements. Revolutions usually have an accepted masculine cast about them.

But Brundage is far from downcast about the prospects. "Sure the Russians won," he said after the Little Olympics. "But compare the times and distance our boys made this summer. They were yards better."

Although the Russians made great fanfare about the end results at Heysel Stadium, actually they scored 112 points, as the winners, to Britain's 108 and France's 107. This may be compared with the victory gained by the United States at the 1948 London Olympics, with 547.5 points as against Sweden, which came second with 308.5 points.

Detour Ahead

The Greeks, who originated the Olympic Games partly as a gesture of amity among the city-states, may well have something to say about the 1952 games. For when the Olympic flame is lighted in Greece and is borne in fifteen thousand relay torches from Athens to Helsinki, the runners will not be permitted to cross certain borders but will be forced to detour several times from the normal route.

Bob Jones University

The national seat of fundamentalist learning has covered the sawdust trail with a carpet of luxury and modernity

GEORGE McMILLAN

WHILE MANY American universities mope over their checkbooks, nervously noting the decline in their enrollments, Bob Jones University is turning students away, operating safely in the black with a confidence in the future that proceeds from the assurance that "the Lord Jesus Christ is at the center of everything we do."

Not so long ago, classes of the institution, which proclaims itself to be "The World's Most Unusual University," were meeting in a ramshackle building in Florida, and the university's founder, the popular revivalist who gave the school his name, was cashing in his insurance policies to pay the fuel bills. Today the school owns land and buildings on the outskirts of Greenville, South Carolina, worth nearly $10 million, and its 1951 graduating class was the largest of any college or university in that state. Its latest batch of graduates was the largest group of ministerial students to be graduated anywhere in the country last June, including the largest theological seminaries. Bob Jones University prides itself on being a national school, not merely a regional one, and this year it has more students from Pennsylvania, Michigan, and California than from South Carolina, out of a total enrollment of just over three thousand.

'A Lot of Grace'

Robert R. Jones, the school's founder, likes to think of his university's success as "one of God's finest miracles." The school is nondenominational, and therefore has not received help from any of the organized churches in this country. The buildings at Bob Jones, comprising one of the best-equipped and most modern educational plants below the Mason-Dixon Line, were financed by widows' mites and pennies from the faithful, collected in a thousand tent meetings from coast to coast.

"One day," the city editor of a Greenville paper remarked the other day, "there was a red clay hill out there, and the next, there were all these fancy, modern buildings. The whole thing was put up in thirteen months during 1946 and 1947. I never thought they'd fill the place."

But this year Bob Jones University is crowding five men into dormitory rooms meant for two, a housing arrangement that requires, as one student put it, "a lot of Grace."

Jones himself has found a formula for bringing "that old-time religion" up to date, a formula that has turned his school into a center of religious fun-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

damentalism in the United States. His concept has made the bare, shadeless hill in the South Carolina Piedmont spiritual home base for thousands of Americans who believe that salvation can best be found in the emotionally charged act of marching up the sawdust trail. "Jones has put a carpet down over the sawdust," said a student of religious history not long ago. "But his appeal goes right back to the Great Revival of the early 1800's, for which there seems to be an ever-present nostalgia in the United States."

You don't have to wear baggy pants, have a greasy nose, dirty fingernails, and scraggly hair to believe in the old-time religion, Jones tells his followers. And he is using his university to further this conviction. His rules on student dress, for example, are rigidly enforced. Male students must wear neckties to all meals and to all religious services. The rules are less explicit for women students, but dungarees, popular with coeds elsewhere, are never seen. "There's a sameness about the students," a visiting lecturer observed. "They look as if they'd been assembled by some marketing-research analyst as 'typical'—but of what I could not quite figure out."

'Show-Window Material'

When Jones tells his students that they are "show-window material for Jesus," he frequently gestures toward the buildings of the university as if to remind them that he has done his part.

Rodeheaver Auditorium, the scene of most of the school's religious services, is not a church but a theater. The only religious association the auditorium can claim is that it was named for Homer Rodeheaver, the white-maned trombone player who led the hymns at Billy Sunday revivals. It was Rodeheaver who put "The Old Rugged Cross" on the tent-meeting hit parade. To usher in the nearly 3,200 people Rodeheaver Auditorium holds, Jones has dressed a corps of his students in starched white mess jackets and formal black trousers. In decoration the interior of the auditorium need not defer to Radio City Music Hall. The shape is the same, that of a turtle turned wrong side out, the walls molded into inverted scales. Its tone is neither cheerful nor somber, but the colors, ranging from chartreuse to the wine red of the curtain that closes the cavernous proscenium, are unmistakably sensuous.

Jones, in his eagerness to avoid the look of baggy pants, has ended up with a setting more suitable for fan dancing than salvation. His own office, an unabashed example of worldliness, of Big Executive décor, includes a curved glass-block wall. He sits behind an oversized desk of dark polished wood amid rich leather furniture, facing a settee not much shorter than a Pullman car. He is armed with all the contemporary executive paraphernalia, including a mahogany intercom box. He makes an effort to live up to his environment by displaying a tycoon's eccentricities. Jones likes to keep hard candy balls (the child's "jawbreakers") on top of his desk, and has a deliberate ritual for eating them—first shaking the jar vigorously and extracting one of the balls, then holding it in his hand for a minute before putting it carefully, almost thoughtfully, into his mouth.

Every visitor to the campus is urged to make a tour of it with one of the school's ministerial students, an expedition that is likely to turn out to be more an inquiry into the state of the visitor's soul than a look at the sights. There is no church on the campus of this dedicated religious school, but that is because, as one guide explained it, "The whole campus is a center for God's work. He built it, and His spirit can be felt in every corridor, in every nook and cranny of every building. It's the power of salvation. Don't you feel the Lord Jesus Christ moving you right now?"

WMUU

The school's radio station, whose call letters, WMUU, stand for "World's Most Unusual University," is a self-conscious exercise in modern architecture, its windows set in shadow-box molding, its marquee resting on splinterlike concrete pedestals, its studios sunken. Jones's own home, on the boundary of the campus, is a $50,000 edifice of stepped oblong blocks surrounded by flagstone terraces, with symmetrical flower borders extending outward from it like antennae. The office of Miss Hazel Claire Riley, Dean of Women, is full of delicate tints elaborated out of the feathers of a canary that lives in a rococo wire cage in one corner of the room. In the other sits Miss Riley at a desk painted in matching greenish yellow.

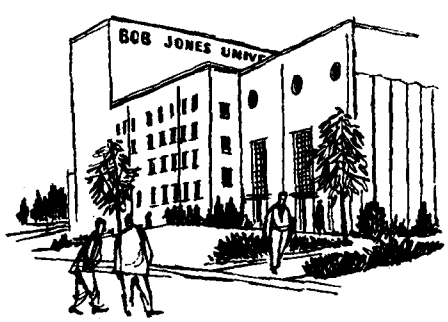
Culture has never been counted among those fundamentals which American fundamentalists include as a necessary part of the Good Life. A sparse doctrine for hard-working folk with little time for leisure, fundamentalism has not only placed a low value on the fine arts but has often decried their sinful influence.

Jones is trying to change this. He is fond of declaring that one of his basic purposes is "to give clean-minded young American boys and girls a chance to study the fine arts in a non-Bohemian atmosphere."

Bob Jones University now offers 139 separate courses in its School of Fine Arts. In WMUU it has one of the most technically complete university radio stations in the nation, in Rodeheaver Auditorium one of the finest college theaters, and in its movie unit, Unusual Films, one of the most active film-producing units. The school's elaborate Shakespearean productions and its opera and artists' series have made it something of a cultural oasis.

Trade School

Jones, now sixty-five, has taken the title of Chairman of the Board and has given the presidency of his school to his son, heir, and chosen successor, Bob Jones, Jr. "Doctor Bob Junior," as he is known on the campus, has taken over day-to-day management of the uni-



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

versity's complex cultural enterprises. He is a dark, soft-voiced man with deep-set eyes and sensitive face. His friends claim he has diverted a talent that would have put his name in lights on Broadway. But he may yet live not to regret his sacrifice, for the school is making a feature-length color movie version of *Hamlet* in which Doctor Bob Junior is playing the title role. He plays starring roles in all of the school's stage productions of Shakespeare.

While the son gives impetus to cultural life at the university, the father's orthodoxy still guides its moral and ethical direction. The first production of Unusual Films, whose insignia shows an angel in flight cradling in its arms a movie camera, was "Light of the World," a celluloid rendition of Bob Jones's life story. "Bob Jones Says," a fifteen-minute radio talk, is transcribed at WMUU and distributed weekly "to more than 150 commercial stations throughout the country."

The school's curriculum is all slanted toward religious work. When a course in aeronautics is offered, it is for students "who are planning to become missionaries and need to fly in carrying on their ministry." The School of Fine Arts, in the same way, is for those "who wish to develop their talent in a Christian atmosphere in preparation for a full-time ministry in music, speech, or art." Among the courses in painting there is one, for example, listed as "Chalk Talk," in which emphasis is laid "on presentation of the Gospel in new and interesting visual form." Also, there are beginning, intermediate, and senior courses in "Evangelical Song Leading," and graduate students can take "The Psychology of Gospel Song Directing," a course that will help them choose the right song "to prepare the congregation for the sermon."

'Not Gonna Budge'

Jones is a master of the sudden and seemingly spontaneous oratorical attack. At meetings of the student body he will sit restlessly on the platform, sometimes get up while announcements are being made, stride forward to the edge of the stage, and peer out across the lights into the audience. If proceedings slow down, he may go suddenly to the podium and deliver an impromptu address.

"I'll tell you," he said at a break in a recent gathering, "it takes character to come to *this* school." He paused, put his hands in his pockets, took them out again. "Not all who start get here; no, not by any means." He paused again, turning around to look behind him at those sitting on the platform. "The Devil meets some of them in the pasture." He halted again, this time to rest his elbows on the top of the podium. "That's all right," and he stopped once more, letting his arms drop limply to his side, cocking his head pensively.

Then he gripped the corners of the stand and cried out:

"But those of us who get here are here to stay. . . We're not gonna budge an inch. . . We're going stick to that old-time religion. . . We're going right on, and on and on, until every bush in the land is a burning bush."

Such performances as these are almost always followed by an audible and approving murmur from the student body. In this and a hundred other ways Jones reveals his conviction that neither respectability nor culture is a substitute for fervor. Under this leader's direction, the students hasten about the campus like subway-bound commuters. They even eat fast, eighteen minutes being allowed for each meal, including the benediction and the song.

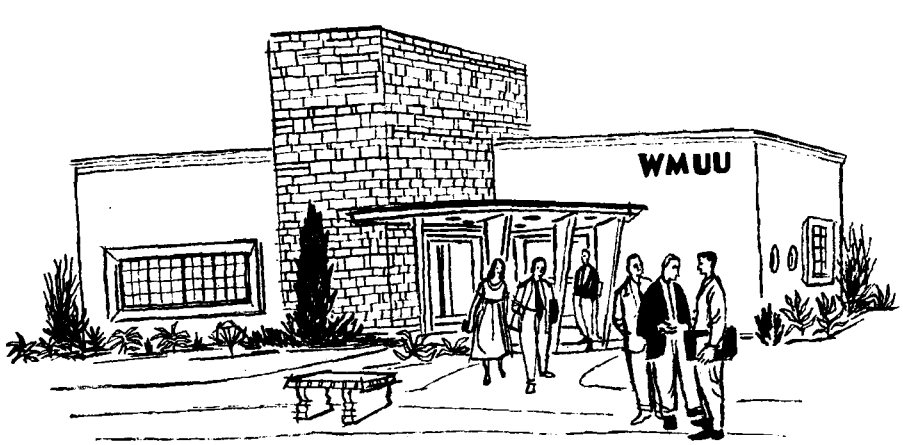
The students are at once so active and so deeply immersed in emotion that they seldom rebel against the rules Jones has laid down to keep his school "non-Bohemian." Smoking is forbidden everywhere on the campus, and drinking is not even a topic for discussion. The areas and times in which the two sexes can mingle are carefully bounded. The coeds cannot leave the campus without a chaperone. The dates they make for campus events are carefully supervised. After a recent evening musicale in Rodeheaver Auditorium, the student couples filed in unbroken line down the long curving walk to the girls' dormitories, where each escort marched straight to the door, opened it for the girl to enter, muttered some expression of goodnight, and then turned quickly away to make room for the next couple to reenact the abstemious ritual.

The few misfits who enroll are not given a chance to poison their comrades. There is no student newspaper and no student government. As soon as a boy or girl shows signs of discontent, he or she is reported.

"And misfits do turn up," said H. D. Matson, Assistant Dean of Men. "Some from good Christian homes where they've learned the Christian testimony. Some who *thought* they wanted a Christian education. We talk with them. We pray for them. If *that* doesn't work, we call them in and tell them they'd better get their education someplace else."

But most of Jones's students are well satisfied with their training. "You wouldn't believe what these boys did last year," Jones confided to a visitor, reaching for a mimeographed report. "Now listen to this! They held 77,105 public services, dealt with 197,580 people individually about their souls' salvation, have had 68,830 decisions for Christ, and they distributed 1,642,000 Gospel tracts explaining the plan of salvation."

Jones's "boys" frequently call on ministers in nearby communities to offer their help, but they are not always welcome. "I asked the last two young men to get out of my office," a South Carolina Baptist preacher told a



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parishioner recently. "Jones is running a school for guerrillas. For my money they're worse, despite all their modern ways, than the foot washers. They'll come right into a nice church and offer to teach Sunday school or anything just to get inside the door. Let 'em in, and the first thing you know they've convinced one half of the congregation that the other half, and maybe even the preacher himself, are nothing but a bunch of whiskey-drinking, card-playing adulterers. Next thing you know is they've thrown out the pastor and brought a Bob Jones graduate in."

No Compromise!

Jones is a big man, and he is apt to raise his huge hands menacingly when talk of this sort is reported to him. "There isn't a Baptist preacher living," he says in rebuttal, "who's put as many people in the church as I have. Now, here it is in straight talk! We don't compromise here or when we get out as missionaries. There isn't a church in the country we've ever torn up. It's

just that the rank and file believe what we believe."

Jones knows that if he is to make a home for dissidents, he must himself remain aggressively nondenominational. His belligerence in this has incidentally cost him recognition by the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Two other procedures have helped to keep him out of the association: He pays his teachers according to their needs; and he requires them each year to attest their belief in the Bob Jones University Creed, an affirmation of literal belief in the Bible.

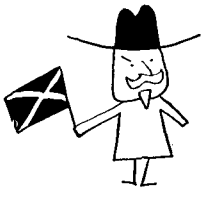
The faculty, many of whom are Bob Jones graduates, seem satisfied with these conditions. Business Manager R. K. Johnson, a dapper man who wears a bold-patterned tie with his bright tweed jacket and matching gabardine slacks, says the $645 tuition just covers the school's operating expenses. "Bob Jones is run on modern business methods," he says proudly. "Our income for the last fiscal year, ending in June, 1951, was $1,900,026.18, something more than all our expenses, including depreciation and a small drawing account for Doctor Bob."

Determined to add respectability to orthodoxy, Jones is bringing fluorescent lighting and loudspeakers into that dark, musty cellar of American mysticism where migratory worshipers move from sect to sect—now washing each other's feet, now handling snakes, now crying out ecstatically in that gibberish called "the unknown tongue." The prosperity of the last decade has not lessened the turmoil down there. These antic worshipers have fatter wallets than they used to have, but the tribal memories persist.

Bob Taft in Dixieland

The candidate's visit raises the old question: Does the Southern G. O. P. really want to win strength?

DOUGLASS CATER



EARLY in the Congressional recess, Senator Robert A. Taft flew down to Knoxville, Tennessee, for what was heralded as a Republican invasion of the Deep South—an invasion that in barely a month swept into Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and North Carolina. The Senator spoke out everywhere against "me-tooism," and in favor of a stiff campaign.

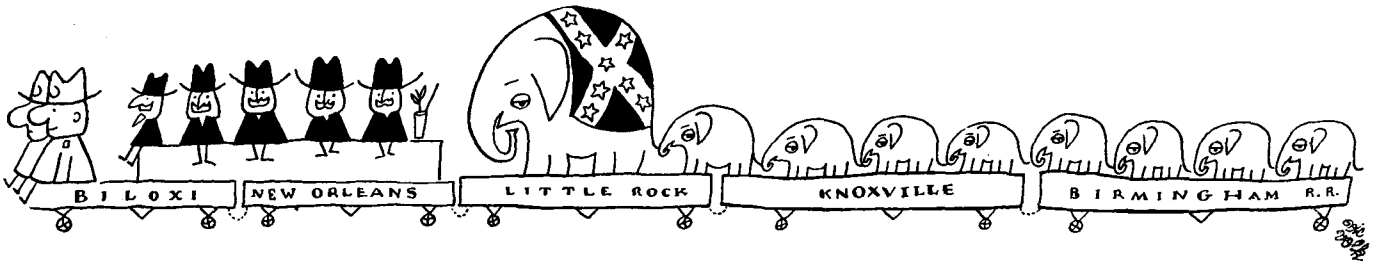
"I believe we can get the majority of these people on our side if we go after them hard enough," he said. "The reason we lost in 1948 was that we didn't put on that sort of campaign. In fact, we didn't put on any campaign in 1948." In another speech the Ohio candidate for nomination said solmenly: "For Republicans to abandon the South, as they have done in the past, is a great mistake."

First-Ballot Delegates

On the face of it, this seemed a bold and determined crusade into a region that has been voting overwhelmingly against Taft's party since the days of Reconstruction. But the mission had another purpose, which came out in a poll taken shortly after the Senator's return North. The poll showed that of the 192 delegates from the Solid South who will attend the Republican National Convention, Taft had lined up an estimated 157 to support his candidacy.

The 157 accounted for more than a third of the approximately four hundred expected first-ballot votes that constituted the "Taft boom" at the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



time. The Senator's tour had paid off handsomely.

Where Cash Counts

How could Taft recruit so much support so fast and easily?

In a book called *Making a President*, H. L. Mencken once explained why Senator Charles Curtis lost the 1928 Republican nomination to Herbert Hoover: Curtis "lacked Lord Hoover's bar'l, could not find an angel to finance him, and hence had to keep out of the Southern states, where only cash money counts."

A Southern Republican leader recently gave me a more detailed but equally candid explanation. "Of course, it varies some from state to state," he said. "But mostly we have to hold a series of county, district, and state meetings to elect our officers and select convention delegates. That costs anywhere from $2,500 to $5,000, and nobody down here is willing to put up that kind of money. So a Presidential candidate comes along, advances a few thousand for 'campaign expenses,' and he can usually be pretty sure of our votes at the convention."

One reason the system is so simple is that it involves so few people. The handful of G.O.P. leaders in each state are not responsible to great blocks of voters, and have only their own consciences to consult in deciding on their choice for Presidential nominee. In all the South, only in Florida has there ever been a Republican Presidential primary. The county or district meeting is generally a gathering of a few picked friends and neighbors in somebody's parlor.

The Stunted Tree

Republican organizations in the South differ widely from section to section. The Republicans of Alabama are "lily-white," mostly descendants of mountaineers who held out against the Confederacy in stubborn enclaves like the Free State of Winston. The G.O.P. in Mississippi, on the contrary, has long been controlled by Negroes. One thing, however, practically all Southern Republican groups have in common: Each has been dominated by a man or a group of men who want to keep the party small. Their job has been compared to that of the Japanese gardener "whose greatest accomplishment is the growth of a stunted plant."

The motive isn't hard to find. Southern G.O.P. leaders feel that their main function is to distribute patronage in the event of a national Republican victory. During lean years, the party remains in a state of suspended animation—just alive enough to claim recognition at the national convention but by no means enough to win a freak Congressional victory. In this way, the national committeeman and the state chairman can look forward to sharing the patronage that during Democratic Administrations must be parceled out among two Senators and a dozen or so Congressmen.

Perhaps with this in mind, many Southern Republican leaders keep themselves remote from the electorate. National Committeeman Perry Howard of Mississippi lives and practices law in Washington. Committeeman Curtis Adkins of Alabama doesn't have a telephone. Only as convention time approaches are there faint signs of activity: The committeemen get out dusty lists of county and district leaders, and put on an air of being busy.

The Georgia Story

Since 1940, Taft has worked closely with Carroll Reece, former Congressman from Tennessee, to maintain the South as his preserve. In 1946 Taft helped promote Reece to the national chairmanship, although Reece had never tried very hard to build potential Republican strength in his own state and though he had been accused by party rivals of collusion with Tennessee's Crump machine. Today, Reece is Taft's Southern campaign manager.

The Taft-Reece approach in securing the Southern convention delegates has been extremely direct. If state leaders won't deliver the convention votes, Taft and Reece try to throw them overboard for someone else.

The recent history of the party in Georgia provides a good instance. There, in 1940, a textile-machinery manufacturer named Wilson Williams won the post of national committeeman. He was a man of vigor, a militant Republican who argued that the Southern Republican Party should do something besides deliver convention votes and await the allocation of patronage. In 1946, Williams proposed that Republican Presidential primaries be held in all the Southern states—or else their convention votes should be withdrawn.

This suggestion drew loud protests from other Southern leaders and from national headquarters, where Reece saw his tight grip on the South threatened. Forthwith, Reece did his best to ease out Williams and to secure recognition for a rival group of Georgians who in 1944 had attempted and failed to unseat Williams's delegation. The rival group, as it happened, was pledged solidly to Taft.

In 1948, Reece by-passed Committeeman Williams and invited his opponents to the Philadelphia conven-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion. Both groups showed up and staged a bitter struggle for recognition. John Wesley Dobbs, a member of Williams's delegation, recently described one phase of it:

"That other group had brought along a few Negroes so they wouldn't be accused of being 'lily white.' They tried to claim one old colored woman with them was a 'philanthropist from Atlanta.' I got up and told the Credentials Committee: 'They say this woman is a philanthropist. I'll tell you what she is. She is an ordinary, good-for-nothing fortune teller and every Negro in Atlanta knows it. That's the best they could get to come with them.' " Williams's delegation won in the Credentials Committee, 26-24.

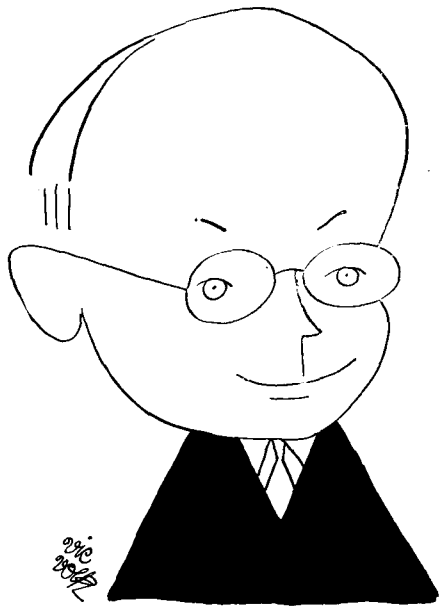
Williams died last year, but his successors still are rancorous toward Reece and Taft. This fall, Taft was sent word —which he heeded—that it would be advisable not to include Georgia in his itinerary. An editorial in the September issue of the party's state newspaper, the *Georgia Republican,* said in part:

"The cleverness of the Senator's [Taft's] campaign on a national scale is not supplemented by astuteness on the State level. Certainly this is true insofar as Georgia is concerned. As inconceivable as it would appear, his political manager, David Ingalls, while in Georgia in late August, either deliberately or inadvertently, slanted a news release to the Atlanta *Constitution* so as to make it appear that the Senator is provoking an intra-party fight all over again in Georgia. We hope the Senator will, for one time anyway, use good political judgment as to Georgia, and not provoke dissension. . . ."

The Lost Chance

The Republican state organizations in the South show no signs of accomplishing much this year. Not that there is lack of opportunity. In Alabama, the Democratic Party has been split in two by a fierce struggle between loyal and Dixiecrat factions. In Georgia, the county-unit system of the Democratic primary, which effectively disenfranchises many city voters, has created considerable discontent, which the Republicans could exploit in November.

On the few occasions when party leaders have actively fought for local candidates, the results have been surprising. In 1950, Republicans cap-



tured all but one office in Pinellas County, Florida, which contains St. Petersburg. Last year, Little Rock, Arkansas, elected its first Republican mayor in sixty-four years. In 1950, Ralph McGill, editor of the Atlanta *Constitution,* wrote: "A State Republican ticket, with decent, able men on it, would pick up a handsome vote in almost any Southern State, but the party has never felt like going to the expense of building a two-party system."

Electoral-College Reform

It is highly doubtful, however, whether Robert Taft, for one, is much interested in breaking up the one-party system in Dixie. When the Lodge-Gossett amendment for reform of the electoral college came before the Senate in February, 1950, a strong bipartisan group including George of Georgia, Ives of New York, Langer of North Dakota, and Humphrey of Minnesota joined in its support. The amendment provided that each state would divide its electoral votes proportionately to the popular vote instead of handing them in one lump to the candidate with a plurality. One of the arguments in favor was that the amendment would extend the two-party system to every part of the country. If they worked hard enough, the Republicans might pick up an impressive electoral-college vote even in Alabama and Mississippi.

But Senator Taft didn't like the idea. "I wish to oppose the joint resolution, principally on one ground," he told the Senate: "that it would give a tremendously disproportionate weight to one-party states. It may perhaps be possible to change the situation in one-party states; but, as a general proposition it is very difficult to change a one-party county or a one-party state."

In answer, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts said: "I say to my fellow Republicans that they must never let the impression go out to the country that they do not trust the voters . . . that [our] success in the future hinges on some kind of a trick or machine or device."

Obscure Strategy

Taft's precise strategy for the South this year is still rather indecipherable. On his tour he occasionally made blandishments to conservatives: He said that while he favored voluntary fair-employment practice, which he thought was needed, he had always fought a compulsory measure. To some extent this backfired. The Chattanooga *Times,* in an editorial that was widely reprinted in Southern newspapers, cited the *Congressional Record* to prove that since 1941 Taft had consistently favored civil-rights measures; that Taft had signed petitions and voted four times since 1945 to break the Southerners' filibuster over the Administration's compulsory FEPC bill.

So far, Taft has steadfastly avoided endorsing by name the plan of Senator Karl Mundt for a Northern Republican-Southern Democratic alliance. But in Birmingham he made a statement that sounded vaguely similar: "If I am the Republican nominee—and there is a good probability I will be," he told a reporter from the Atlanta *Constitution,* "I shall encourage the formation of independent Democratic groups in Georgia and other states." At another time he said, "We not only welcome the support of all individual Democrats, but we welcome support of the Democratic political organizations . . ."

Mundt's plan envisaged a division of the spoils, including certain committee chairmanships for Southern Democrats and possibly the Vice-Presidency. But Taft said he had no such concessions in mind. "If a Republican Administration is in power," a *Constitution* reporter quoted Taft, "naturally Congress will be reorganized and Southern Democratic chairmen will be replaced by Republicans in Congress."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Poet Who Fled From Communist Poland

CZESLAW MILOSZ

Czeslaw Milosz was born in Poland forty years ago. During the coalition days of 1945, he entered the Polish Foreign Office; he served as Cultural Attaché in Washington and Paris. Early in 1951 he fled Poland and applied for asylum in the United States. His case is pending. Milosz is a poet—John Hersey quotes him in a moving page of The Wall*—and a translator into Polish of foreign poets, notably of T. S. Eliot. The reasons why he chose exile go deep beneath the surface of politics. They are extracted here from a speech, never published, which he made before the Congress for Freedom of Culture and of the Friends of Liberty, held in Paris on May 15, 1951.*

My experience in Poland was that of all the intellectuals of Warsaw, Prague, or Budapest. That is why I feel that I must speak in the most precise terms. Few indeed are the writers of central and eastern Europe who are able to speak freely.

A few months ago I came to the conclusion that a man's life has no meaning unless he is willing to face death. Only when I accepted the risk of death did I feel free. I know that in the People's Democracies the poet whose poems are inspired by the light and fragrance of the soil of his country must pay that price if he wants to break his shackles. We must not condemn those who are unwilling to pay that price. That they can no longer write in their own tongue, that their books will be thrown out of the libraries, and that their names will be uttered as the names of traitors is a thought too monstrous for them to accept.

I lived these last years under strict discipline. I measured my words and had to take care lest my facial expression betray forbidden thoughts. A few months ago one of the political accusations leveled at me was that I had smiled ironically at the theater while watching a play in which there was nothing to cause a smile. I asked: "When did that happen?" The reply was: "A year and a half ago."

The 'Good' Heathen

I must say a few words about myself in order to preclude any misunderstandings. I was not threatened by any danger in Poland. The writer in the People's Democracies is at the top of the social ladder and enjoys every privilege, provided he makes himself useful. The character of the poetry I wrote until 1950 exposed me to a certain amount of censure. I was nevertheless included among the outstanding Polish poets. I was also esteemed as a translator of Milton, Burns, Whitman, Sandburg, Baudelaire, T. S. Eliot, and my French kinsman, Oscar Milosz. I introduced the poetry of Pablo Neruda into Poland. The Polish theaters played with success my adaptation of *As You Like It*. I was working recently on *Othello*. A short time ago the State Publishing House offered me a contract for translating Shakespearean plays that would have assured me emoluments equal to those of the highest dignitaries of the régime.

Like the majority of the writers of central and eastern Europe, I have never belonged to the Communist Party. In 1945 the countries of eastern Europe were conquered by the East, and it has since become the fashion in Communist intellectual circles to compare Communism with early Christianity. Indeed, many analogies to the present may be found in Gibbon. The part of Europe in which it has been possible to introduce the new faith, thanks to the victories of the Red Army, was fundamentally "heathen" from the Communist viewpoint, and the number of native Communists was rather insignificant. An appeal had therefore to be made to the heathen. They were divided into three categories: the useless and incorrigible, who had to be got rid of as soon as possible;

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stalin

those useful despite their suspect past, who had to be made use of until a trustworthy generation matured; last, the "good" heathen, whose conduct inspired the hope of imminent and complete conversion.

My attitude toward the rightest totalitarian doctrines disseminated in the twentieth century had always been intransigent. I had written anti-Nazi poems that acquired a certain popularity during the resistance. I had made no secret of my distrust of nationalism and chauvinism, and had tried to fight anti-Semitism in Poland. Consequently I was a "good" heathen and was accorded favorable treatment.

For five years I worked loyally for my country, endeavoring to discharge my duties conscientiously both as a writer and as a cultural attaché in the United States and in France. This was all the easier for me because I was glad to see a new generation after the ravages of war—those young peasants and workers who fill the universities. I felt happy too about agrarian reform, which had finally been carried out, and about the process of transformation which was changing Poland from a predominantly agricultural into a more industrialized country.

Writing by Rote

However, a time comes when complete conversion is demanded of the "good" heathen. Although I had given no cause to doubt my loyalty, a ruse was used to get me to Warsaw. There I was told that I was not going abroad again and that I was expected to become a star performer in Warsaw. It must be said that the ruling dialecticians are handicapped by the mediocre quality of the works of the official poets. They want the impossible—poets gifted with magic power who will write according to a prescribed pattern. But a poet who follows a prescribed pattern loses his magic power. Because I never wrote odes to Stalin, my poetry pleased the literary officials only as the color of a fish in the sea is pleasing to the fisherman; the fisherman will do everything in his power to catch the fish and make it a dead and colorless thing. When they took my passport from me, they felt at last assured that I would write according to the rules of "socialist realism." These rules became compulsory in Poland in 1950.

It was then that I made up my mind; I escaped. I made a successful escape chiefly because no one suspected that I was capable of throwing away my excellent social position.

Malice or Stupidity?

What is the intellectual in the people's democracies really like? He knows perfectly well that his country has become a province of the empire and that every sphere of life in his country must conform to the distant center. To give an example, theoretical articles on music, before being published in Poland, are sent to Moscow, where their orthodoxy is passed upon by the Presidium of the Composers' Union. The intellectual in the People's Democracies has a very poor opinion of the Soviet Union, and he could tell westerners things they would not believe. He considers the obligation to write enthusiastic articles on life, literature, and art in the Soviet Union particularly distasteful. He is angered at seeing restrictions imposed upon the development of science and art in his country in the name of the respect he must pay to the center.

The intellectual's attitude toward the western Communists may be described as one of boundless contempt. He regards them as liars or sentimental fools. He is well aware of the universality of forced labor in Russia and the mass deportations, as well as the destitution in which the Russian people live.

This does not mean that the intellectual of the People's Democracies is incapable of embracing the new faith with enthusiasm and even of joining the party. A young man, deported in 1945 to a camp deep in Russia, escaped and in 1947 made his way back on foot to Warsaw across the vast Russian plains. After what he had seen he had but one desire: to flee farther west and devote the rest of his life to combating Stalin. His friends prevailed on him to remain in Poland. There he discovered the books of the new faith. Today he is a zealous Stalinist. This example shows that these new faithful judge in accordance with dogma rather than in accordance with experience. What counts with them is the philosophy, not the reality. The sufferings of two or three hundred million people for forty or eighty years mean nothing.

I shall not undertake here to answer the main question: Why does anyone accept the new faith? I shall try nevertheless to give a few reasons which influenced some of my friends.

1. "Historical necessity." The Red Army's march to Berlin greatly impressed the population of central and eastern Europe. Communism waged war against fascism, and fascism was defeated. Does this not confirm the Leninist-Stalinist thesis that in the contemporary world there are only fascism and Communism, and that it is fascism that will perish? Anyone reaching such a conclusion must not place himself in the camp which is doomed by history, the abstraction that in our century has taken the place of God. A writer who writes against history will be crushed.

The case of the Polish resistance movement during the war furnishes an example of the historical argument. That movement was controlled by the government-in-exile in London. The Warsaw insurrection which broke out in 1944 had two objectives: liberation

Engels

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the capital from the Germans and seizure of power before the Red Army, which was approaching, entered the city. It was the revolt of a fly against two giants. One of the giants stopped on the bank of the river and waited for the other giant to crush the fly. That giant took two months to crush the fly, using planes, the heaviest artillery, and tanks. He finally crushed it and was then overthrown by the other giant, who had waited patiently. Nearly two hundred thousand people perished in Warsaw and the city was turned into a Hiroshima worse than that of Japan. By the "historical" argument, that is the "proof" that there can be no Third Force.

2. Isolation of the intellectual. The new faith has brought education within the reach of everyone, and the results it has achieved are tremendous. Most important, it gives the intellectual the certitude of being reintegrated into society. Never since the Middle Ages has the intellectual felt himself more necessary or more recognized. Dialectical materialism unites all men, just as the Christian religion united all men in the fourteenth century. The intellectual and the worker have at last a common language and the same ideas. Naturally there is a difference of levels, just as there was in the Middle Ages between a doctor of theology and a blacksmith. Even if the intellectual of the People's Democracies can travel abroad, he does not take advantage of his opportunities to escape. Everything the West offers him inspires him with panicky fear. He does not want to be alone and he does not want to be a pariah. He is deeply attached to the social usefulness assured him by his beehive existence. That is why the governments of the People's Democracies have thus far been willing to issue passports to writers and to employ them in the diplomatic services.

3. The absurdity of physiological existence. "Physiologism" has a distinctly unfavorable meaning in the People's Democracies. In literary criticism it connotes "bourgeois." If man is not an immortal soul, as the Church taught us, his physiological existence enrages the intellectual and induces him to try to liberate himself from the vicious cycle of birth, copulation, and death. It gives rise in him to an emotion which one may call hatred of the bourgeoisie. He sees no reason for pitying

Lenin

the inmates of forced-labor camps. The fact that the new faith inflicts suffering upon people speaks in its favor rather than against it. Suffering is the only gateway to salvation. There is no salvation for the individual soul. But there may be salvation for the human race. The new man must live the collective life, relegating to the background his private life, which, as the new faith teaches us, is merely physiological.

Reds' Red Herring

4. *Ketman.* The life of a man in the People's Democracies is subject to strict discipline. An actor plays on the stage for only a few hours. A man in the People's Democracies must act the whole day through. Often married people in their intimate conversations use the stock phrases of public meetings so as to preserve the automatism of the game. This conduces to the development of a certain institution which I shall call *Ketman.* I take this word from an author whose reputation has greatly deteriorated since his name was used by German racial theorists. He was nevertheless a discerning observer. I refer to Gobineau and his book *The Religions and Philosophies of Central Asia.* In the Moslem countries, he states:

"The possessor of truth must not expose his person, his property, or his views to the blindness, folly, and perversity of those whom it has pleased God to place and keep in error." Hence, one must keep silent. "Yet there are cases where silence is no longer sufficient, where it may be taken for a confession. In that case you must not hesitate. You must then not only renounce your true views, but . . . use every ruse to put the enemy on the wrong scent. You will make every profession of faith that will please him, you will perform all the rites which you know to be utterly empty, you will falsify your own books, you will exhaust all the means of deceiving him. Thus you will gain at once the satisfaction and merit of having protected yourself and your family . . . and . . . of having, by deceiving him and confirming him in his error, inflicted upon him the shame and the spiritual misery which he deserves.

"That is what . . . is called *Ketman.* A European would be inclined to see a humiliating situation in this system, which not only makes concealment indispensable but also compels the use of the lie on the largest scale. The Asiatic, on the contrary, finds this situation glorious. *Ketman* inspires pride in him who puts it into practice. A believer elevates himself by this act into a permanent state of superiority over the one he has deceived, even if the latter is a Minister of a powerful king."

I need add nothing to Gobineau's picture. Tracking down deviations constitutes the principal element of the intellectual life in the People's Democracies. These deviations are by no means illusory. It must not be forgotten that the new faith was imposed by the East as a perfected doctrine. The countries were "heathen." And that is why a national, ethical, and metaphysical *Ketman* is flourishing.

Ketman does not necessarily inspire in its practitioners hatred of the new faith. On the contrary, *Ketman* offers many advantages. In order to appreciate these advantages, one has only to look at life in the western countries. Western intellectuals suffer from a particular form of *taedium vitae.* Freedom is for them a burden. They are not committed to any of the conclusions they reach, and the result is a constant uneasiness. I believe that man in our era has no inner focus, and that is why the new faith appeals so much to intellectuals. The new faith, by subjecting man to pressure, creates that focus; in any case, it creates the impression that the focus exists.

The 'Superhuman Force'

I want to stress what is most important. The intellectuals of the People's Democracies, of Warsaw, Prague, or Budapest, look upon the westerners as poor children who do not know what is in store for them. The new faith is creat-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing a new civilization in which life is torture, but no other civilization is possible today. The West can continue for a certain time to enjoy its illusions; the new faith is a superhuman force which nothing can resist.

I did not want to be a Stalinist, and yet the events of recent years, together with my observation of what was happening in the West, bound me strongly to the faithful of the new faith. You must understand that the intellectual of the People's Democracies is a confirmed believer in fatalism. The new faith leaves no room for hope in either Poland or Czechoslovakia, but it inspires the conviction that its arguments are unanswerable and that anyone who links his destiny with it will soon reach Paris as one of the conquerors from the East. Is not an intellectual of Warsaw or Prague saddened by the coming destruction of the beauty of Paris by the new faith? Certainly he is. And yet dialectical materialism and its tactical application by Lenin and Stalin appear to him as immutable as the rules of mathematics. The sole obstacle to world domination is America. But America, say the dialecticians of the East, is a brontosaurus with a very tiny brain. It is to be feared, but a man having the lucid method of dialectics at his disposal will maintain his superiority in the same way in which the primitive hunter was superior to monsters stronger than himself.

Death of the Metaphysical

I have come to the West because I have told myself that historical necessity cannot be a norm for man's individual action. Even if that necessity exists, I know that it is my duty to oppose it, for I know the new faith, and I know

Marx

that it is bringing a great misfortune to mankind. Actually, its principal aim is not the economic organization of society. Its chief goal is the creation of a new type of humanity by killing in man what, for lack of a better term, is called the "metaphysical being."

Let us take the theater, for example. A play that deals with the tragedy of human destiny has no chance of being staged in any theater in the People's Democracies. An exception is made for long-dead authors, like Shakespeare or Lope de Vega, because they are considered "progressives for their period."

It is a different story, however, when it comes to contemporary authors. The tragic is dangerous because it may cause reflection on the mystery of man's condition. That is why it is suppressed. They call it "that dangerous metaphysical element." One wonders what Marx would have said about it—Marx, who was such an admirer of Aeschylus. A play must be politically useful and keep within the framework of what is socially typical. In Warsaw and also, I believe, in Moscow, the German Communist dramatist Bert Brecht is suspected of a tendency toward pure tragedy; his plays are not presented in Warsaw, although they are in Berlin.

In painting, the painter is forbidden to indulge his love of line and color. For this reason French impressionism is regarded as degenerate art. And I must admit that the philosophical reasoning used is perfect: French impressionism is the product of a period of bourgeois decadence and is based on an erroneous post-Kantian philosophy.

On the other hand, the contemporaries of the impressionists, the painters of the Russian Pieredwiznik movement, are evidently superior, since their painting was based on the right philosophy. Unfortunately, not even the cleverest arguments can change a Manet or a Renoir into a crude daub. Anyone who cares to analyze this contrast between doctrine and real values will discover the key to the new faith.

I would say that the anthropological knowledge of the new faith equals zero. It is important to observe carefully the official line in Stalinist art and literature. This line is not the result of transitory circumstances or, as many people think, the personal preference of Stalin. It is a logical application of the principles of the new faith. It faith-

Hegel

fully reflects in art and literature what is put into effect in the other spheres of life. Being forced to write according to the precepts of "socialist realism" was enough to make me decide to break with the régime. I did it because I see clearly the organic link between the condition of the peasant or worker and that of the artist; they are unhappy for the same reasons, but under a different aspect.

I consider man an unexplored being, a being of immense potential resources, a being of mystery. A writer who renounces exploring that being betrays his vocation.

The Human World

The new faith is an incarnation of the force of evil. Opposing it is a bad world, divided by its internal contradictions, but a human world at least. By everything in my intellectual background I am part of that world and I will serve its cause. It is not true that the West is a brontosaurus with a tiny brain. But it is true that its intellectual potential is asleep at the present time.

Man can triumph over the "superhuman" force of evil. But not before the West has given man a social system that assures him his daily bread and the inspiration of collective effort without the lies that the new faith carries with it. When the western intellectual is reintegrated into society and ceases to be subjected to aberrations which revolt me as they should revolt all those who have passed through the purifying fire of suffering, then we shall possess certainty and not merely hope.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mlle. Gulliver En Amérique

MARY McCARTHY

In January, 1947, Simone de Beauvoir, the leading French *femme savante,* alighted from an airplane at LaGuardia Field for a four months' stay in the United States. In her own eyes, this trip had something fabulous about it, of a balloonist's expedition or a descent in a diving bell. Where to Frenchmen of an earlier generation, America was the incredible country of *les peaux rouges* and the novels of Fenimore Cooper, to Mlle. de Beauvoir America was, very simply, movieland —she came to verify for herself the existence of violence, drugstore stools, boy-meets-girl, that she had seen depicted on the screen. Her impressions, which she set down in journal form for the readers of *Les Temps Modernes,* retained therefore the flavor of an eyewitness account, of confirmation of rumor, the object being not so much to assay America as to testify to its reality.

These impressions, collected into a book, made a certain stir in France; now, three years later, they are appearing in translation in Germany. The book has never been published over here; the few snatches excerpted from it in magazine articles provoked wonder and hostility.

The Existentialist Eye

On an American leafing through the pages of an old library copy, the book has a strange effect. It is as though an inhabitant of Lilliput or Brobdingnag, coming upon a copy of *Gulliver's Travels,* sat down to read, in a foreign tongue, of his own local customs codified by an observer of a different species: Everything is at once familiar and distorted. The landmarks are there, and some of the institutions and personages—Eighth Avenue, Broadway, Hollywood, the Grand Canyon, Harvard, Yale, Vassar literary celebrities concealed under initials; here are the drugstores and the cafeterias and the busses and the traffic lights—and yet it is all wrong, schematized, rationalized, like a scale model under glass. Peering down at himself, the American discovers that he has "no sense of *nuance,*" that he is always in a good humor, that "in America the individual is nothing," that all Americans think their native town is the most beautiful town in the world, that an office girl cannot go to work in the same dress two days running, that in hotels "illicit" couples are made to swear that they are married, that it almost never happens here that a professor is also a writer, that the majority of American novelists have never been to college, that the middle class has no hold on the country's economic life and very little influence on its political destiny, that the good American citizen is never sick, that racism and reaction grow more menacing every day, that "the appearance, even, of democracy is vanishing from day to day," and that the country is witnessing "the birth of fascism."

Bettmann Archive

From these pages, he discovers, in short, that his country has become, in the eyes of existentialists, a future which is, so to speak, already a past, a gelid eternity of drugstores, juke boxes, smiles, refrigerators, and "fascism," and that he himself is no longer an individual but a sort of Mars man, a projection of science fiction, the man of 1984. Such a futuristic vision of America was already in Mlle. de Beauvoir's head when she descended from the plane as from a space ship, wearing metaphorical goggles: eager as a little girl to taste the rock-candy delights of this materialistic moon civilization (the orange juice, the ice creams, the jazz, the whiskeys, the martinis, and the lobster). She knows already, nevertheless, that this world is not "real," but only a half-frightening fantasy daydreamed by the Americans.

She has preserved enough of Marxism to be warned that the spun-sugar façade is a device of the "Pullman class" to mask its exploitation and cruelty: While the soda fountains spout, Truman and Marshall prepare an anti-Communist crusade that brings back memories of the Nazis, and Congress plots the ruin of the trade unions. "The collective future is in the hands of a privileged class, the Pullman class, to which are reserved the joys of large-scale enterprise and creation; the others are just wheels in a big steel world; they lack the power to conceive an individual future for themselves; they have no plan or passion, hope or nostal-

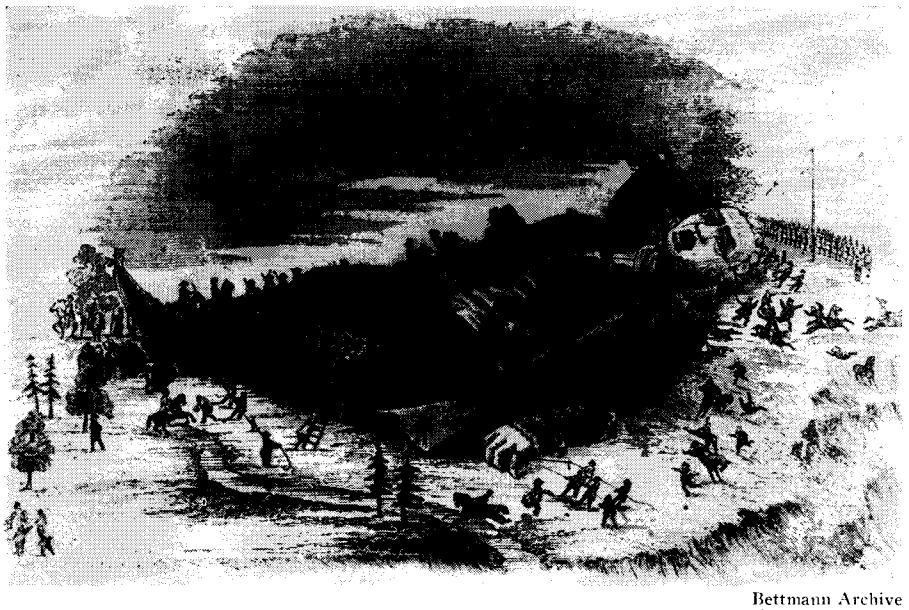
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gia, that carries them beyond the present; they know only the unending repetition of the cycle of seasons and hours."

Jules Verne Obsession

This image of a people from Oz or out of an expressionist ballet, a robot people obedient to a generalization, corresponds, of course, with no reality, either in the United States or anywhere else; it is the petrifaction of a fear very common in Europe today—a fear of the future. Where, in a more hopeful era, America embodied for Europe a certain millennial promise, now in the Atomic Age it embodies an evil presentiment of a millennium just at hand. To Mlle. de Beauvoir, obsessed with memories of Jules Verne, America is a symbol of a mechanical progress once dreamed of and now repudiated with horror; it is a Judgment on itself and on Europe. No friendly experience with Americans can dispel this deep-lying dread. She does not wish to know America but only to ascertain that it is there, just as she had imagined it. She shrinks from involvement in this "big steel world" and makes no attempt to see factories, workers, or political leaders. She prefers the abstraction of "Wall Street."

This recoil from American actuality has the result that might be expected, a result, in fact, so predictable that one might say she willed it. Her book is consistently misinformed in small matters as well as large. She has a gift for visual description which she uses very successfully to evoke certain American phenomena: Hollywood, the Grand Canyon, The Bronx, Chinatown, women's dresses, the stockyards, the Bowery, Golden Gate, auto camps, Hawaiian dinners, etc. In so far as the U.S. is a vast tourist camp, a vacationland, a Stop-in Serv-Urself, she has caught its essence. But in so far as the United States is something more than a caricature of itself conceived by the mind of an ad man or a Western Chamber of Commerce, she has a disinclination to view it. She cannot, for example, take in the names of American writers even when she has their books by her elbow: she speaks repeatedly of James Algee (Agee), of Farrel (Farrell), O'Neil (O'Neill), and of Max Twain—a strange form of compliment to authors whom she professes to like. In the same way, Greenwich Village, which she loves, she speaks of throughout as "Greeniwich," even when she comes to live there.



Bettmann Archive

Gullible's Troubles

These are minor distortions. What is more pathetic is her credulity, which amounts to a kind of superstition. She is so eager to appear well informed that she believes anything anybody tells her, especially if it is anti-American and pretends to reveal the inner workings of the capitalist mechanism. The Fifth Avenue shops, she tells us, are "reserved for the capitalist international," and no investigative instinct tempts her to cross the barricade and see for herself. Had she done so, she might have found suburban housewives, file clerks, and stenographers swarming about the racks of Peck & Peck or Best's or Franklin Simon's, and colored girls mingling with white girls at the counters of Saks Fifth Avenue. A Spanish painter assures her that in America you have to hire a press agent to get your paintings shown. An author tells her that in America literary magazines print only favorable reviews. A student tells her that in America private colleges pay better salaries than state universities, so that the best education falls to the privileged classes, who do not want it, and so on. At Vassar, she relates, students are selected "according to their intellectual capacities, family, and fortune." Every item in this catalogue is false. (Private colleges do not pay better salaries—on the contrary, with a few exceptions, they pay notoriously worse; family plays no part in the selection of students at Vassar, and fortune only to the extent that the tuition has to be paid by someone—friend, parent, or scholarship donor; you do not have to hire a press agent; some literary magazines have a positive specialty of printing unfavorable reviews.)

Yet Mlle. de Beauvoir, unsuspecting, continues volubly to pass on "the lowdown" to her European readers: There is no friendship between the sexes in America; American whites are "stiff" and "cold"; American society has lost its nobility; capital is in "certain hands," and the worker's task is "carefully laid out." "True, a few accidental successes give the myth of the self-made man a certain support, but they are illusory and tangential . . ."

The Downtrodden Worker

The picture of an America that consists of a small ruling class and a vast inert, regimented mass beneath it is elaborated at every opportunity. She sees the dispersion of goods on counters but draws no conclusion from it as to the structure of the economy. The American worker, to her, is invariably the French worker, a consecrated symbol of oppression. She talks a great deal of American conformity but fails to recognize a thing that Tocqueville saw long ago: that this conformity is the expression of a predominantly middle-class society; it is the price paid (as yet) for the spread of plenty. Whether the diffusion of television sets is, in itself, a good is another question; the fact is, however, that they *are* diffused; the "Pullman class," for weal or woe, does

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not have a corner on them, or on the levers of political power.

The outrage of the upper-class minority at the spectacle of television aerials on the shabby houses of Poverty Row, at the thought of the Frigidaires and washing machines in farmhouse and working-class kitchens, at the new cars parked in ranks outside the factories, at the very thought of installment buying, unemployment compensation, social security, trade-union benefits, veterans' housing, at General Vaughan, above all at Truman the haberdasher, the symbol of this cocky equality—their outrage is perhaps the most striking phenomenon in American life today. Yet Mlle. de Beauvoir remained unaware of it, and unaware also, for all her journal tells us, of income taxes and inheritance taxes, of the expense account and how it has affected buying habits and given a peculiar rashness and transiency to the daily experience of consumption. It can be argued that certain angry elements in American business do not know their own interests, which lie in the consumers' economy; even so, this ignorance and anger are an immense political fact in America.

The society characterized by Mlle. de Beauvoir as "rigid," "frozen," "closed" is in the process of great change. The mansions are torn down and the real-estate "development" takes their place: serried rows of ranch-type houses, painted in pastel colors, each with its picture window and its garden, each equipped with deep-freeze, oil furnace, and automatic washer, spring up in the wilderness. Class barriers disappear or become porous; the factory worker is an economic aristocrat in comparison to the middle-class clerk; even segregation is diminishing; consumption replaces acquisition as an incentive. The America invoked by Mlle. de Beauvoir as a country of vast inequalities and dramatic contracts is rapidly ceasing to exist.

Bettmann Archive

'My' America

One can guess that it is the new America, rather than the imaginary America of economic royalism, that creates in Mlle. de Beauvoir a feeling of mixed attraction and repulsion. In one half of her sensibility, she is greatly excited by the United States and precisely by its material side. She is fascinated by drugstore displays of soap and dentifrices, by the uniformly regulated traffic, by the "good citizenship" of Americans, by the anonymous camaraderie of the big cities, by jazz and expensive record players and huge collections of records, and above all—to speak frankly—by the orange juice, the martinis, and the whiskey. She speaks elatedly of "my" America, "my" New York; she has a child's greedy possessiveness toward this place which she is in the act of discovering.

Toward the end of the book, as she revises certain early judgments, she finds that she has become "an American." What she means is that she has become somewhat critical of the carnival aspects of American life which at first bewitched her; she is able to make discriminations between different kinds of jazz, different hotels, different night clubs. Very tentatively, she pushes beyond appearance and perceives that the American is not his possessions, that the American character is not fleshly but abstract. Yet at bottom she remains disturbed by what she has seen and felt, even marginally, of the American problem. This is not one of inequity, as she would prefer to believe, but of its opposite. The problem posed by the United States is, as Tocqueville saw, the problem of equality, its consequences, and what price shall be paid for it. How is wealth to be spread without the spread of uniformity? How

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

create a cushion of plenty without stupefaction of the soul and the senses? It is a dilemma that glares from every picture window and whistles through every breezeway.

If Americans, as Mlle. de Beauvoir thinks, are apathetic politically, it is because they can take neither side with any great conviction—how can one be *against* the abolition of poverty? And how, on the other hand, can one champion a leveling of extremes? For Europeans of egalitarian sympathies, America *is* this dilemma, relentlessly marching toward them, a future which "works," and which for that very reason they have no wish to face. Hence the desire, so very evident in Mlle. de Beauvoir's impressions and in much journalism of the European Left, not to know what America is really like, to identify it with "fascism" or "reaction," not to admit, in short, that it has realized, to a considerable extent, the economic and social goals of President Franklin D. Roosevelt and of progressive thought in general.

Frank Lloyd Wright And a Bridge in Wisconsin

ELI WALDRON

EARLY last November, just before winter closed in, Frank Lloyd Wright of Spring Green, Wisconsin, and Governor Walter Kohler motored to a spot on the Wisconsin River known as Echo Point. Here they walked and talked (both of them very earnest), spanned the dark river with their eyes, shook hands, and went their ways. It was a meeting, as the expression is, fraught with significance; and when next day Governor Kohler pronounced Echo Point a "wholly practicable" site for a bridge, it marked a turning—or at least a stopping—point in a very confusing journey through the internal politics of the state.

Wright has wanted to build a bridge at this spot for some time. This is his domain; he was born not far from Echo Point, and he has a deep feeling for the country. The Wright holdings at Taliesin ("Shining Brow") lie a little farther to the south, but it is almost as natural for Wright to wish to build a bridge at Echo Point as it is for a carpenter to want to add a gable to his house—to pretty it up and give his grandchildren something to think about.

Wright, who is eighty-two and many times a grandfather, expressed this wish in a letter to an Echo Point property owner in 1946. Nothing came of it then; the matter simmered, but when the offer was repeated last August, things started happening. Loud things, terrible things—and some things embarrassing and sad.

The Battle of the Bridge

To begin with, the situation was a complicated one. A few miles north of Echo Point lies the city of Wisconsin Dells, a highly organized and rather appalling tourist town which takes its name (and revenue) from a section of the river known as The Dells, a place of extraordinary charm, very popular with Midwestern vacationers. Wisconsin Dells, the city, has need of a bridge; the one it has is inadequate and dangerous, a narrow dogleg affair at the foot of a sharp hill. Understandably enough, the town wants the new bridge—if there is a new bridge—to replace the old, to carry traffic in the familiar and profitable way past the established trinket shops and motels and restaurants. These people do *not* want a bridge at Echo Point. They say—with sudden sentiment—that it will only lead to the commercialization of that lovely area. Wright's repeated offer, therefore, was greeted in the city with a reflex of angry opposition. The State Highway Commission, in Madison, was told of it at once, and the commission took up the cause of the motelkeepers and merchants, saying, "We are not interested in beauty. We are interested in utility."

The reaction to this remarkable statement was instantaneous and profound. "Why not beauty?" the Milwaukee *Journal* demanded in an editorial. "Is it too much to ask?" cried the Madison *Capital Times*. There was an indignant shout in the streets; protests arrived from as far afield as Florence, Italy, where a Wright show (at the Strozzi Palace) was in progress. Pro-Wright groups urged that the bridge be made a memorial to Wright's "genius"; there was talk of a petition and an appeal to the governor.

"The noble bridge that I foresee," said Wright, "is a bridge naturally leaping the stream from rockledge to rockledge, a noble arc in elevation and plan reflected in the water beneath."

Pilgrimage to Pakistan?

"*Accept,*" pleaded a former official of the Johnson Wax Company, whose administration building is a famous Wright landmark. "Accept before he builds it in Peru or Pakistan and Wisconsonians make pilgrimages there to

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

see it. To the best of my knowledge, we as a state do not *own* a single specimen of our precious child's work."

At this point the governor intervened slightly, asking that the commission at least consider Wright's offer, and the commissioners, now everywhere besieged, said at once that of course they would consider it. They had, indeed, been premature in their beauty-vs.-utility announcement, but with negotiations thus about to enter the cagey, or bureaucratic, stage, they could feel themselves upon familiar ground. Accordingly, Wright's formal written offer was received by them, was duly considered and rejected. It was as simple as that. It left Wright on a limb, the commission high and dry, and the public in the lurch—all this in a manner of speaking, of course. Thus the first act of the country drama came to a close. The business folk of Wisconsin Dells could breathe a little easier, and the commission, all kindness now, offered the site of the old bridge to Wright for his approval.

Wright chose to consider it—for the moment at least. Things were humming: He was putting the finishing touches on a new church; he was composing a political manifesto for the *Capital Times*. Anyway, his strongest ally, the governor, was off on a European tour. The bridge could wait.

'What Architecture!'

First of all he exorcised the critics of his latest creation, the church—or meeting house, as the Madison Unitarians prefer to call it. Rising to the pulpit to deliver the dedicatory address, he said: "Someone has called this a snack-bar church. Well, we probably will roast a pig sometimes over there in the hearth room and have a social evening stretching all the way out to the garden." He called attention to the sloping roof and, putting his hands together in imitation, announced, "This building is a form of prayer. Not like this . . ." and he thrust a finger into the air to indicate a steeple.

But this, too, was a social evening, and the audience which had paid $1.80 apiece to hear Wright also heard his grandson Eric play the flute and his daughter Iovanna the harp. Wright, taking a position at the rear of the meeting room to judge the acoustics, pronounced them fine. He then sat down in one of the turquoise-upholstered pews and, as the program continued, let his eyes roam over the lights that dotted the ceiling—"the stars in our sky," as they are fondly referred to by the congregation. "What architecture!" he was heard to say appreciatively.

Wide World

Frank Lloyd Wright and Helen Hayes with model of Wright's theater

It was an inviting interior. Pine boughs graced the walls; a huge fireplace was set at an angle into the wall at the rear of the meeting room (this was the "hearth room" referred to, which could be closed off from the speaking area by rough hand-woven curtains); there were Wright-designed tables and chairs.

One long wing in use as a nursery school was decorated with a set of handsome Japanese prints, Wright's gift. A shorter wing served as a foyer and was decorated with an inscription from Thomas Jefferson's letters, ending "I confidently expect that the present generation will see Unitarianism become the general religion of the United States."

The building's exterior has been likened by various people to a peaked bonnet, the prow of a ship, and the face of a grinning tyrannosaur. The soaring, angular walls of the apse—if it is the apse—were of glass ornamented with a very large number of small red squares, the red square being Wright's hallmark. In the peak of the roof hung a large copper bell that swayed in the wind but did not ring. The bell, visible from the inside as well as the outside, was not a bell at all but a loudspeaker.

With the church in operation, Wright devoted his energy to the political manifesto which, when it was published in the *Capital Times*, turned out to be a call for a new third party, ending on an extremely expansive and optimistic note: "Scrap the whole apparatus of our belligerence including one half our bureaucracy and the State Department. Then being the more humane because of 'capital,' let's join the human race on the basis of aid to backward races who want to help themselves. Yes—'one hundred billion a year for one hundred years.'

"Who then, and where, would be a Communist?"

The Backward Commissioners

Having got this off his chest, he directed his attention to the bridge again and to the backward races who *didn't* want to help themselves.

The commission's proposal as to a site for the bridge, he said, "violates every point that common sense could raise. I would not be a party to such a thing—it is bad engineering, bad architecture and bad policy . . . an old-fashioned crime." He went on to quote Commissioner J. R. Law as saying, "There would be no bridge if Frank Lloyd Wright was doing the design." He called this a case of "professional jealousy" and added, "I don't see how the Commission got to be a one-man affair." He turned then to the governor for help.

In the meantime, a note of venality had crept into the proceedings. There were hints that Wright was in league with the property owners of the area —which, being translated from the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tongue of suspicion into a language more rational, meant at the most that the Echo Point residents were in league with him, which is quite a different matter. The press—rightly, no doubt—ignored this aspect of the affair.

The most important consideration, of course, was whether or not a bridge at Echo Point would solve the traffic problem posed by the inadequate bridge in Wisconsin Dells. According to Wright, it would—and at the same time enhance the beauty of the landscape. Moreover, there were statistics to prove that when a congested community is by-passed in this manner, the result is increased business because of greater freedom of movement, more parking space, and so on. What Wright envisioned for the Lower Dells was a rearrangement of the tributary roads leading to the bridge which would "develop sites in the spandrels suitable for good public buildings, schools, civic centers, or motels . . . improving the habitation of the surrounding countryside." What the Highway Commission had in mind, on the other hand (a sketch of it had appeared in a local publication), was a "narrow bridge askew downstream fabricated of chopped steel, three legs in the river (one in the middle)," all adding up to "ugly bastardized confusion common enough in our Wisconsin but an unpardonable blight at the Dells." The commission's plan, concluded Wright, could lead only to the "perpetuation of cowpaths." The Dells would be rendered unfit for human habitation.

Scenery at $2.50

There were many people ready to attest that the city had become unfit for habitation long ago. Cruelly commercialized, jammed with fake handcraft shops and rooming houses, with fleets of amphibious DUKWs roaring up and down the streets transporting sightseers to and from the river, it raises itself in ugly contrast to the mossy glens and grottoes so curiously and pleasingly carved from the limestone hills. Everything is very tightly sewed up along both shores, as well as in the city, and a look at the scenery today is available only at a minimum charge of $2.50 per person. Wright's rainbow bridge, if it served no other end, would permit travelers to view the river without making it necessary for them to board an amphibious vehicle.

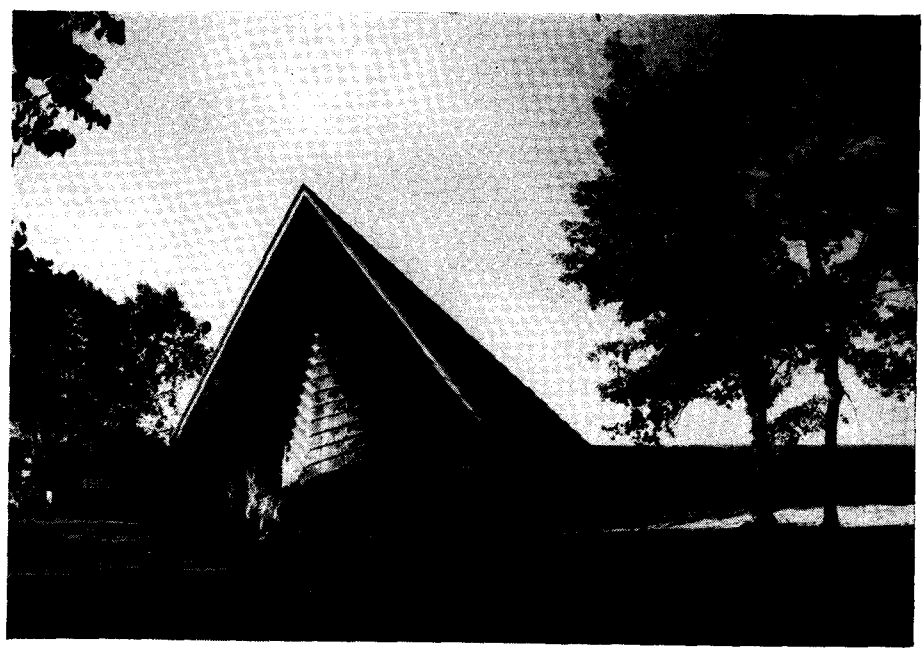
Even if one assumed, in a general situation of this sort, that beauty is of secondary importance, it still remains a powerful argument in Wright's case. He is, after all, no casual eccentric but a man who has marked up a series of astounding triumphs in his field, exercising great influence on the course of European architecture at a time when the present members of the Wisconsin Highway Commission were children. His church is proof of his continuing vigor, and as a monument to his genius a bridge, to many, seems no more than his due.

Along with these additive persuasions must be listed the anguish that is being felt by Wright's followers over the continuing loss of his older buildings. The Larkin Building in Buffalo was demolished last year; others are marked for removal. This anguish was keenly expressed in an article in the *Magazine of Art* last May, from which the following cry is excerpted: "What European capital would allow a Farnesina to be treated as the Coonley estate [Chicago] now is? If, as is almost certain, the Robie house [Chicago] also is to be destroyed, we shall lose more of our artistic heritage than ever we sought to buy back at Williamsburg."

'Will It Stand Up?'

It was particularly painful and embarrassing, in view of his achievements over the last half century, to see Wright forced to defend himself even against the "Yeah, but will it stand up?" type of critic. He assured the commission they need have no worries on that score. He had designed other bridges similar to the one he had in mind for Echo Point, among them a six-mile span over San Francisco Bay now being considered by the California state legislature.

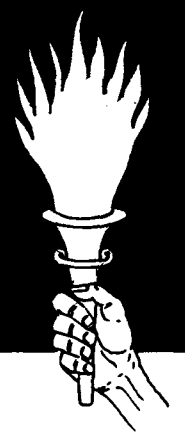
He did not remind them—although he might have—of the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo that had stood up under (or over) an earthquake that leveled the rest of the city, or of the Kaufmann house at Bear Run, Pennsylvania, that "stands up" in apparent defiance of the law of gravity. And if these examples of his work seemed too remote for the commission's consideration, he might still have taken them to nearby Taliesin and shown them a windmill he built for his aunts, the Misses Lloyd Jones, in 1908. One of his earliest independent efforts, it remains today one of his finest creations—a structure received with skepticism by the farmers of that neighborhood and era, its collapse in the first windstorm to come along taken for granted. It remained standing on its hilltop and has functioned perfectly ever since, a soaring, weathered, beautifully proportioned wooden tower topped with a briskly whirling red fan. It is a monument to the genius of Wright's youth, not well known but a striking and un-



The church: 'a peaked bonnet, the prow of a ship . . .'

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We who are free must light our own way

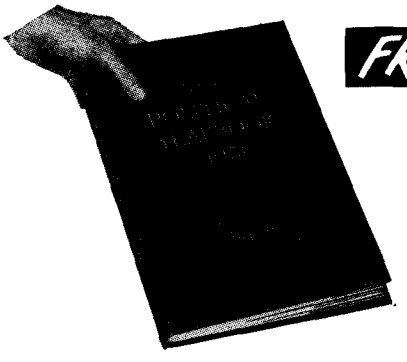


But light can emanate only from truth—full and balanced. It must shine into every corner of our world, revealing not only *what* the facts are, but also *why* they are... and illuminating their often strange and subtle relationship to other facts.

THE REPORTER's one purpose is to give this *information-in-depth*... hours of stimulating reading that charge your mind with new concepts which you will find yourself considering—and applying—in the weeks and months and years that follow.

SPECIAL OFFER TO OUR NEW SUBSCRIBERS...
THE NEXT 18 ISSUES at a saving of $1.83

Because the full value of THE REPORTER lies in its development of a continuity of background from issue to issue, we are making this unusual offer to new subscribers—18 issues of THE REPORTER for just $2.67. This is a saving of $1.83 from the single-copy price. Mail the reply card opposite today; you need send no money now—we will bill you later.



FREE your copy of **THE POLITICAL YEARBOOK 1951**

Here, in one volume, with maps in full color and other illustrative material, is the political history of the turbulent year just ended. Your copy of this limited edition, which collects between covers the best of THE REPORTER's articles about the important political events of 1951 and interrelates those events, comes to you absolutely FREE with your subscription to THE REPORTER. Mailing the reply card now will start your subscription to THE REPORTER immediately and will reserve your copy of The Political Yearbook-1951 for delivery in March.

The **Reporter**

220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.

forgettable sight against the changeable blue of the Wisconsin sky.

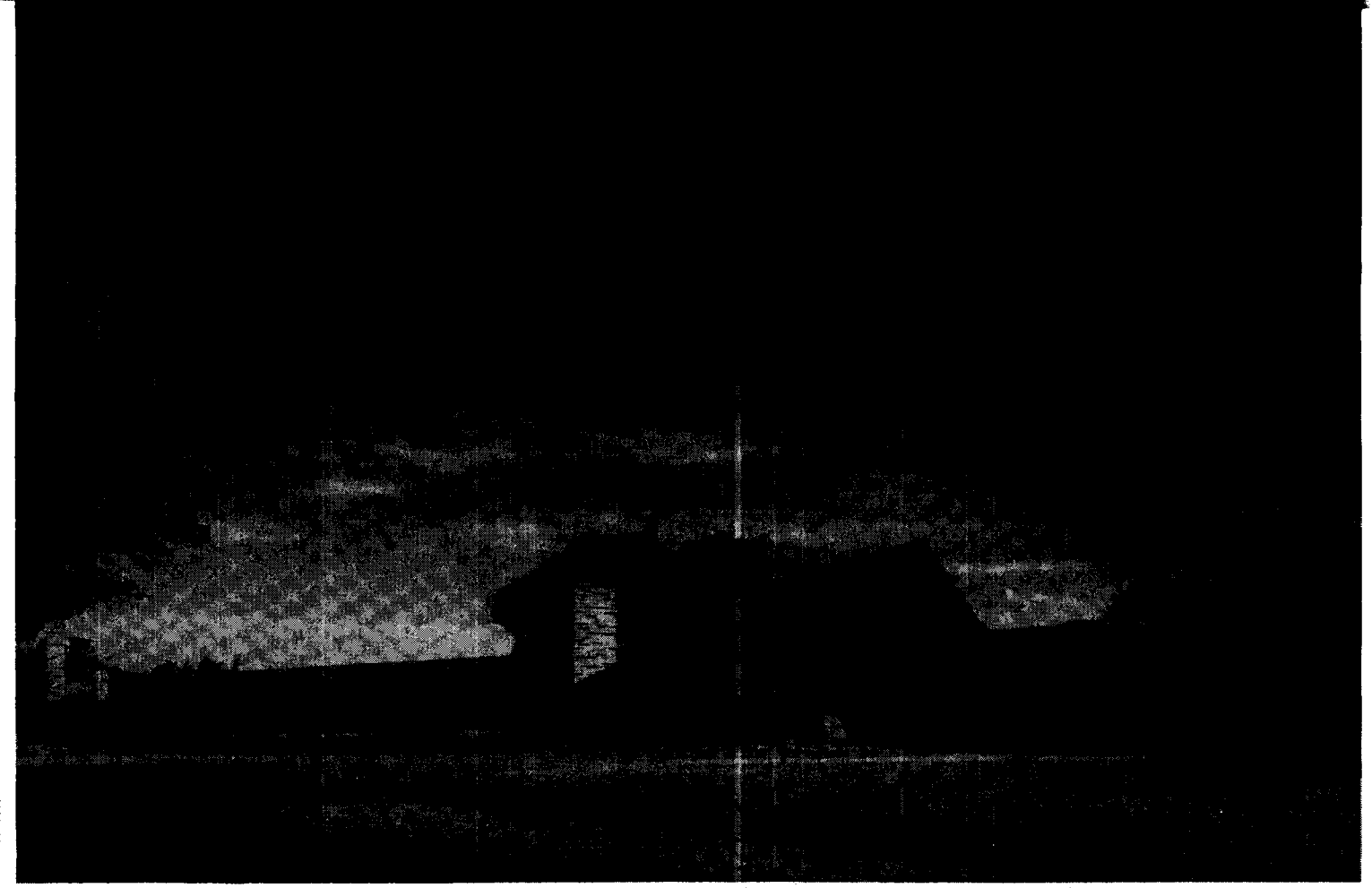
There was snow in the air when the petition was finally completed—for there *was* a petition; it was not merely talk. It bore seven thousand signatures—a remarkable showing considering that the Bill of Rights had circulated here last summer and could find only one citizen willing to sign. That particular petition had been something of a scandal and had annoyed President Truman, but this petition was blameless and attracted little attention. It was presented to Governor Kohler and was filed away in the place where petitions are filed. Nevertheless, a few days later Wright arrived for lunch and the two men drove off to Echo Point.

The Governor's 'Dignity'

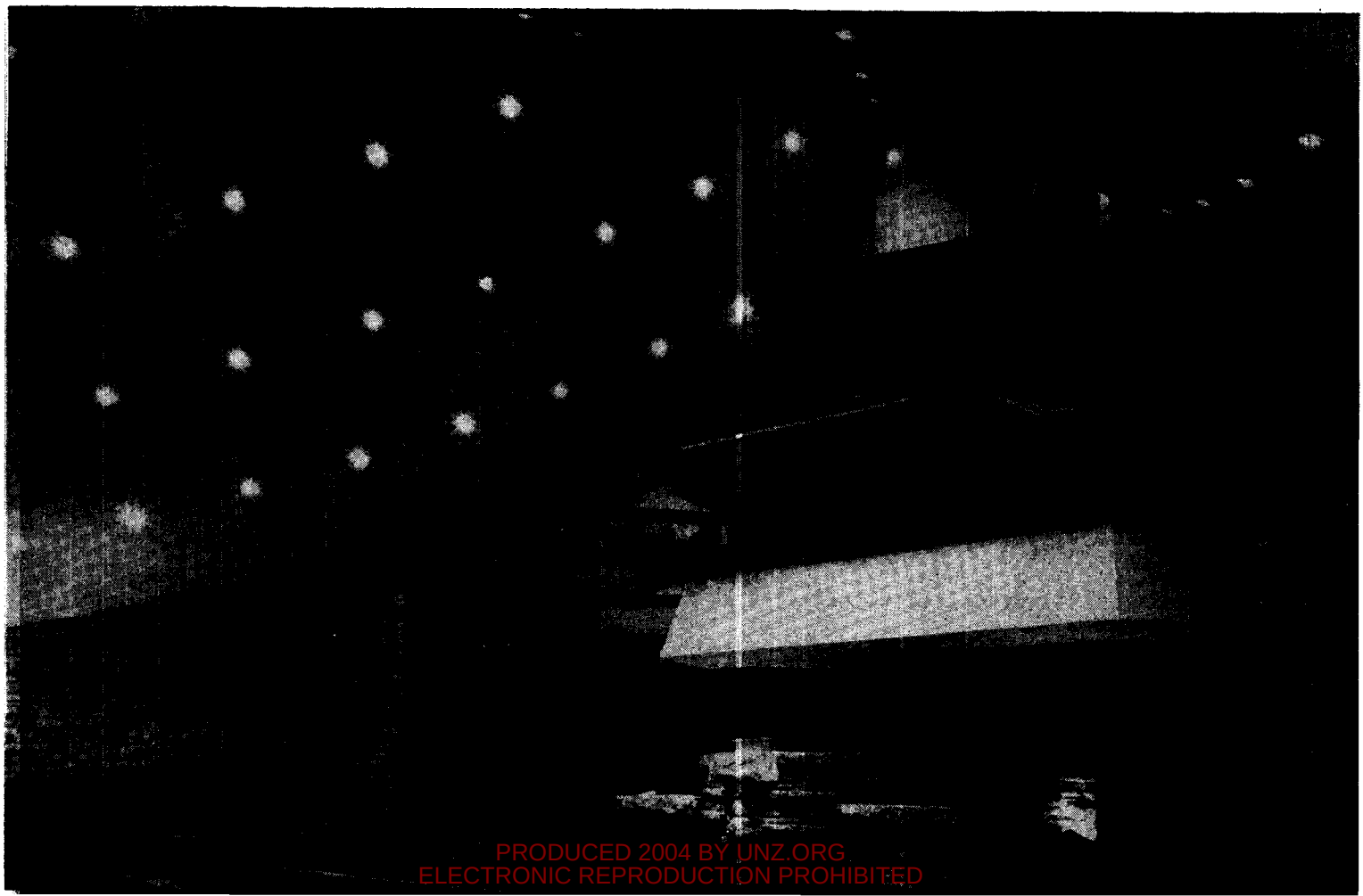
Now the fact that Kohler accompanied Wright to Echo Point and found the site "wholly practicable," and his later remark that the present steel shortage might favor a cement bridge, would seem to indicate that he is on the beauty side of the beauty-vs.-utility controversy—on Wright's side, that is to say, as against the Highway Commission's side. And since, moreover, the governor's signature is required on any final approval of plans for a bridge, it would further seem that everything is going along nicely—at least as far as Wright, the property owners at Echo Point, and the seven thousand signers of the petition are concerned. The present governor of Wisconsin, however, is commonly described as "dignified." The word has been explained by one of the higher state officials as meaning "not wanting to slug it out, or mix it up." In this instance, he was referring to the coming elections and the distaste that Kohler was possibly feeling at the thought of stepping into the ring with ex-boxer Joe McCarthy.

And this, as a friend of Wright's remarked, was the virtue that was surely operating in the wrong way in the present matter of the bridge. It was his opinion that if it came to a showdown with the commission, the governor would falter. But the day of the showdown has not yet arrived, and it may be a long time coming, and Wright is eighty-two, going on eighty-three. In the meantime the snow continues to fall.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The outside and interior of the Unitarian church built by embattled architect Wright in Madison, Wisconsin



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

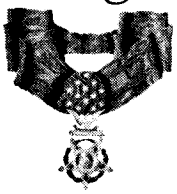
THE LONG AUGUST NIGHT WAS HOT—but not as hot as the bitter fighting that raged about Agok, Korea, in the Naktong River area. Sergeant Kouma, serving as tank commander, was covering the withdrawal of infantry units from the front. Discovering that his tank was the only obstacle in the path of an enemy breakthrough, Sergeant Kouma waged a furious

nine-hour battle, running an eight-mile gantlet through enemy lines. He finally withdrew to friendly lines, but not until after his ammunition was exhausted and he had left 250 enemy dead behind him. Even then, although wounded twice, he attempted to resupply his tank and return to the fighting.

"A withdrawing action is not my idea of how Americans should fight," says Ernest Kouma. "If we must fight, let's be strong enough to take the offensive. In fact, *if we're strong enough*, we may not have to fight at all. Because, nowadays, *peace is for the strong.*

"So let's build our strength—to keep a strong America at peace. You can help by buying Defense Bonds—as many as you can afford. It's far less painful to build for peace than to destroy in war. And *peace* is what you're building when you buy Bonds."

M/Sgt. Ernest R. Kouma



Medal of Honor

Remember that when you're buying bonds for national defense, you're also building a personal reserve of cash savings. Remember, too, that if you don't save regularly, you generally don't save at all. So sign up today in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work, or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. For your country's security, and your own, buy United States Defense Bonds now!

Peace is for the strong... Buy U. S. Defense Bonds now!

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED